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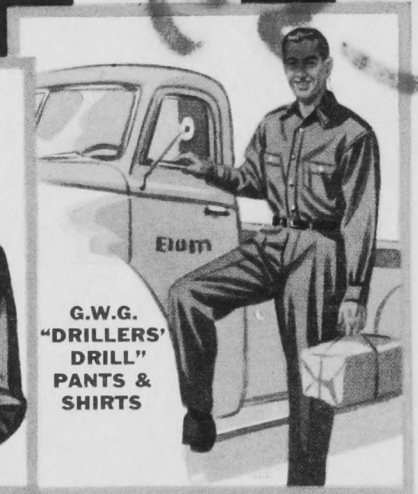
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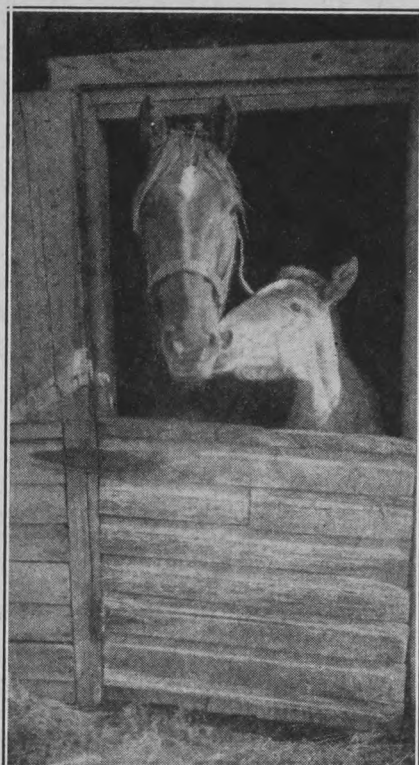


Photo by W. R. Peterson

THE *Country* GUIDE

From Cover to Cover

AUGUST, 1951

Cover—by R. James Stuart.
Under the Peace Tower—
by Austin F. Cross 4
British Columbia Letter—
by Chas. L. Shaw 6
Editorials 46

ARTICLES

Why Not Try Grassland Farming?—
by W. M. Myers 7
Vets in the Bush—by P. M. Abel 8

FICTION

Mr. Beelby's Difficult Decision—
by Katherine Howard 10
Not to Forget—
by Edward and Rose Price 11

FARM

News of Agriculture 12
Get It at a Glance 13
Livestock 14
Field 16
Workshop in August 18
Farm Young People 19
Horticulture 20
Poultry 24

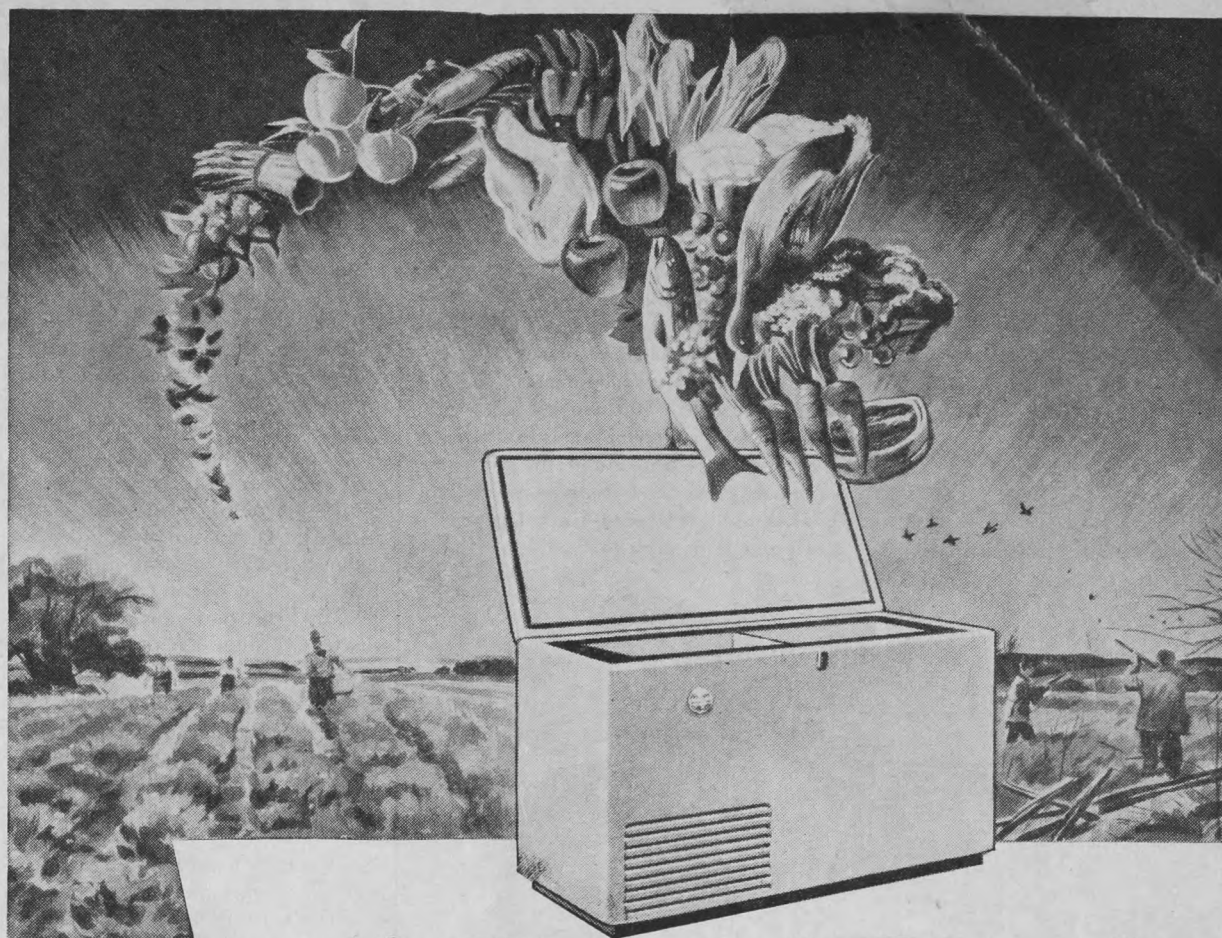
HOME

The Countrywoman—
by Amy J. Roe 33
Country Women Down Under—
by Margaret Ecker Francis 34
A Salad a Day—by Lillian Vigrass 37
Sunday on the Farm—
by Marion Hislop 38
Jellymaking Tactics 39
Needlework—by Florence Webb 40
The Country Boy and Girl 44

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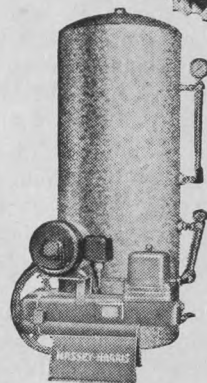


A Food Bank

IN YOUR OWN HOME

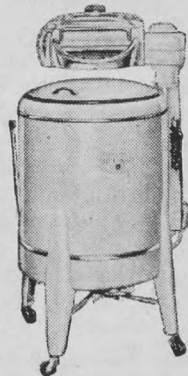
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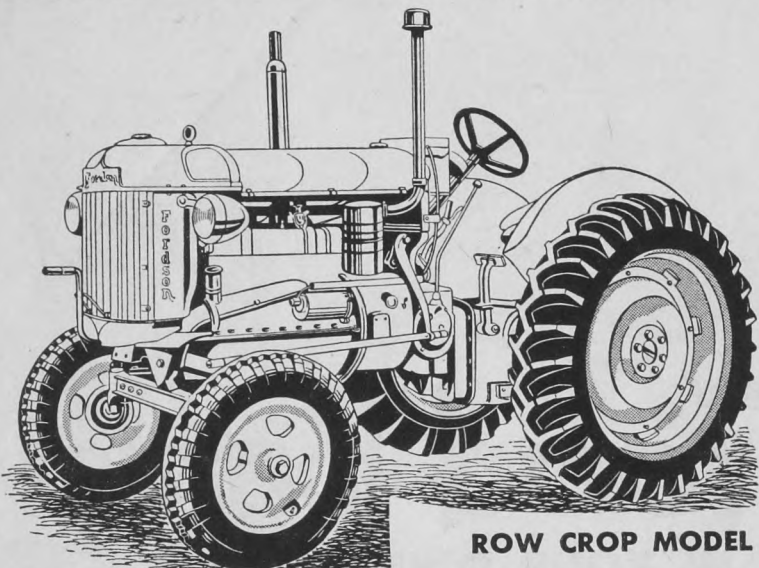
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Under the Peace Tower

THE government is staking its political life in a Calculated Depression; if it cannot get the cost of living down, out it goes.

Most people have fancied that if there was any news around Parliament Hill these Dog Days (advanced from August this year) it was that bigger and better pensions were coming. But these have long since been taken for granted.

Then the second most exciting news has come from outside Ottawa. No one can be indifferent to what is happening around Kaesong. Canadians must be surprised to find that the Americans are getting into bed with Franco, in a marriage of convenience. Finally, the bad news from Iran has disturbed many a politically minded person.

But if you could take your mind off the international headlines, you would find that the real news around here, which is not making the headlines at all, is the government's battle for deflation.

As our dollar buys less and less, we get more and more inflation. The St. Laurent administration is now busy trying to stop, or at least slow up, this inflation. Few appear to be writing this story, and yet, it seems to me, that it may well turn out to be the story of the year, if things come out as the government expects. If, however, things do not come out as the government expects, it may be an even bigger story. For it will spell the beginning of the end for the St. Laurent regime.

I suggest that the government is attacking depression at last on eight fronts. Herewith is the octagonal battle field, as Mr. St. Laurent and his doughty privy council defend themselves in the same pattern as the old British Square at Omdurman, except this defence has eight sides instead of four.

First, it put a 15 per cent excise tax on luxuries, semi-luxuries, and a few necessities.

It increased the down payment on a commodity to 50 per cent thus putting a good many articles out of the immediate reach of prospective purchasers.

The government has cut down the instalments on purchased goods, making people pay up quickly, stopped easier credit.

The government has reduced the number of bank loans, practically forcing some people to close up their bank loans completely.

Bank interest rates have increased, making it more costly, as well as more difficult, to borrow money.

By withdrawing Bank of Canada support, it lowered the value of government bonds. It means a higher rate of interest for bonds at current prices, but hurts those forced to sell bonds bought at face value.

Controls on vital defence materials, such as steel, have put a crimp on building, slowed down many a commercial project.

The MacQuarrie Commission is probing the alleged cartel in "name goods." In other words, if a retailer sells a shirt with a national name, a well-known brand, he must sell it at a certain price. He cannot sell a \$4.50



shirt for \$4.29, and maintain his relations with the shirt company. This is now being investigated, and there may be a hot row this fall in parliament. It was when they pulled the rug out from under such fixed prices in the States, that we had those near panic bargain sales at Macy's and other New York stores.

These then are eight things which the government is doing. If you study the case of the Greek drachma, you may find that it takes thousands, maybe millions of them to mail a letter. (A while back, this was the case, anyway.) That means that the drachma is worth very little. Here is inflation at its worst, in its most vicious aspect. Thus, a man with \$10,000 in the bank, or the equivalent in bonds, quickly discovers that through inflation, he has next to nothing. That is what went wrong with the German mark back in 1923. It ruined thousands, perhaps millions, of German people.

It does not take much imagination to see that if our dollar went the way of the drachma, many of us would go to the poor house. In other words, if a dollar would only buy one toothpick, it is not worth as much as if it would buy a tractor. The trick then is to get the dollar back where it is worth a lot more. To get it worth as much as possible is the government's aim.

So the Liberals are trying to make the dollar scarcer, harder to get. You have heard of the "fast buck," down in the States. That's the dollar that is easily made. If a man knows he gets \$100 every day of his life, he can be pretty careless with a hundred dollar bill today: he will have another one tomorrow. If, as once happened to me, a man has to travel from Winnipeg to Toronto on \$3.60 for food and shelter, he makes every cent count.

To get the dollar worth more money, we are trying to deflate. We are making it harder to get easy money. We are tightening up on loans. We are discouraging spending. We are making everything (Please turn to page 42)

Handwritten signature: H. Ross

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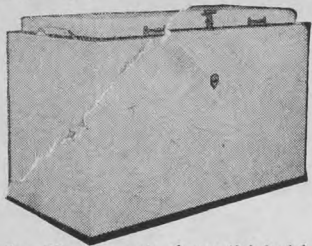
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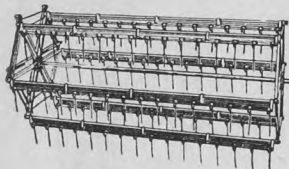
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SEE PAGE 24

B.C. Hit by Drought

Its severity to date has already affected food and feed supplies for the coming winter

by CHAS. L. SHAW

UNPRECEDENTED drought has been British Columbia's lot during the past few weeks. From the parched interior valleys to the timbered hills of Vancouver Island, the report has been invariably the same: Hot and dry.

By the time this is read, the report will probably be different, but during the first half of July about the only people in British Columbia who seemed entirely happy over the weather were those who were unconcerned about crops, be they berries, tree fruits, timber or lawn grass.

The strawberry and raspberry growers had a poor season and they blamed their plight entirely on the long, dry spell which made the harvest period and the pack itself extremely short. Tree fruit growers were hoping for rain, and so were the grain producers. Pasture lands were burned brown in many areas, and there was the grim prospect of a shortage of fodder for the coming winter.

For British Columbia's high-riding forest industry the continued dry weather was also serious because it meant a halt in logging operations at many points where humidity conditions made work in the woods extremely dangerous. The writer was out in the tall timber country back of Alberni a few days ago. In order to confine their operations to the period when humidity was relatively favorable the crews went into the woods at five a.m. and quit at noon, when we noticed that the camp thermometer registered 100 degrees in the shade—an almost unheard of thing for that region.

"This is no weather for logging," remarked the superintendent. "Look at that hillside—tinder dry. A fire in there would be an explosion." Next day all logging had ceased. Already, at a few scattered points blazes had broken out in the woods. In the Campbell River country, where a terrible fire swept through the timber more than a decade ago, a new outbreak had ravaged several hundred acres.

While the weather has been pleasant to the city dweller who airily comments that the cycle has changed and that we're in for another series of old-time long summers, the people in the country haven't been enjoying it at all.

Dairymen have been particularly anxious. They have been feeding hay and extra grain to milk cows as most of the high pasture has been seared by the blazing sun. Without rain there will be only a light second crop of hay and a shortage of feed. Dairymen fear that this may result in a further slaughtering of dairy stock, to be followed by a milk shortage in the fall.

The exceptions are the dairymen protected by the irrigation systems in the Fraser Valley. They have been producing good crops, but they feel sorry for their neighbors.

A threatened shortage of milk, combined with a real scarcity of eggs as a result of the wholesale slaughtering of stock because of the inroads of Newcastle disease, has given new emphasis to British Columbia's deficiency in the growing of feedstuffs. Of course, only two per cent of the total surface

area of British Columbia is considered arable—a fact which imposes severe limitations on acreage for cultivation. But there are vast areas undeveloped, and it is hard for the layman to understand why fuller use is not made of this land in view of the constantly rising market, the soaring prices and the indications that demand will continue to rise indefinitely.

A step in the right direction is the opening of the Pemberton Meadows country, which is within a few miles of Vancouver and has been settled since the 1870's, but never intensively developed because of the ever-present menace of floods from the Fraser River's tributaries.

Contracts are being awarded for a five-year program of reclamation under the P.F.R.A. The level of nearby Lillooet Lake below the meadows has been lowered so that the Lillooet River, which flows through and often over the land, is now deepening itself. Some 20,000 acres of arable land will be made available as a result of this project. This may be a relatively small area, but if the Pemberton Meadows program can be duplicated elsewhere the cumulative effect will be a substantial increase in farm production where it is most needed.

The government recognizes the need for encouraging farm settlement, and it deplores the fact that so many of the province's agricultural areas have been deserted by the younger generation, seeking jobs in the cities. Through provision of public utilities and encouragement of community activity, the government and private industry are trying to make farm life more attractive to young people who might otherwise be tempted to follow the trail to the brighter lights.

BRITISH COLUMBIA is still worried about its hospital insurance scheme, and it's quite evident that the ideal pattern has not yet been evolved. During the February session of the legislature it will be recalled that the system was severely criticized, and the government party lost two members as a result of revolt over rising premiums for insurance.

As a result of this turmoil a legislative committee was appointed to investigate the whole business. This committee held its first sessions in camera so it is hard to tell all that happened, but one sequel was the recommendation that outside experts be called in—a course which had previously been recommended from several sources. An insurance actuary and a business-efficiency firm have been appointed to make a thoroughgoing survey of the insurance and administrative phases of the hospital system.

Having saddled itself with the program, the coalition government is determined to make it work and probably will succeed in doing so, eventually. However, one of the results of the early mismanagement and bungling was widespread lack of confidence and a tendency on the part of hundreds of British Columbians not to bother paying their premiums. This, of course, has greatly increased the financial problem of the hospital service, and it has had other serious repercussions. (Please turn to page 42)

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There was land enough for all. There was an abundant storehouse of productivity that was built and held under uncounted centuries of continuous grass. There was plenty of land for our grazing herds on the poor and unproductive land that was unsuitable for the culture of row crops. Besides, everyone knew it was the grain we fed our cows that produced the milk and the meat. Pasture crops were poor crops, or in fact not crops at all. They did not deserve, nor did they receive, fertilization and other care that was lavished on the cultivated crops.

Now, all of this is changing. We are converting our agriculture to a grassland type of farming. The change is occurring gradually throughout the entire United States. Federal and State Research Stations have been seeking facts on improved varieties, better management practices, and utilization, that lead to increased productivity from the grasslands. Educational institutions and extension organizations have carried to the public, information on the importance of grasslands, and on methods of their improvement. Our agricultural conservation programs have been built on grasslands.

There is a concept, that is very common in the United States, that the spigot of agricultural abundance is turned off by planting land down to grass, and that it is turned on by plowing the grasslands for the production of row crops. I should like to outline some of the reasons why I am convinced that the grasslands are productive, and that grassland improvement has an essential role to play in increased agricultural abundance.

THE first, and perhaps the most important reason, is that we need more livestock products in the United States. We are a meat-eating and milk-drinking nation. Meat production has increased steadily since prewar days, reaching its high about 1944, and remaining at approximately that level since. In 1950, we ate 30 pounds more meat per person than we did in the period from 1935 to 1939. Fuller employment and higher wages have contributed directly to this increased consumption of meat. A survey has shown that families with an average annual income of \$3,000 consume about 25 per cent more meat per person than do families with an average annual income of \$2,000 or less.

Added to increased consumption of meat per capita is the fact that our population has increased by about 20,000,000 in the last decade. It is small wonder, then, that we are faced with a serious meat problem.

Livestock numbers have been increasing rather steadily since about 1947. This increase in livestock numbers can be effective in meeting the increased demands only if we have adequate feed. There is a limit beyond which we dare not go in increasing grain production, without jeopardizing the productive capacities of our soils for the future. We must turn elsewhere to find the increased

Why Not Try



[Photos Lethbridge Experimental Station.

says **W. M. MYERS**

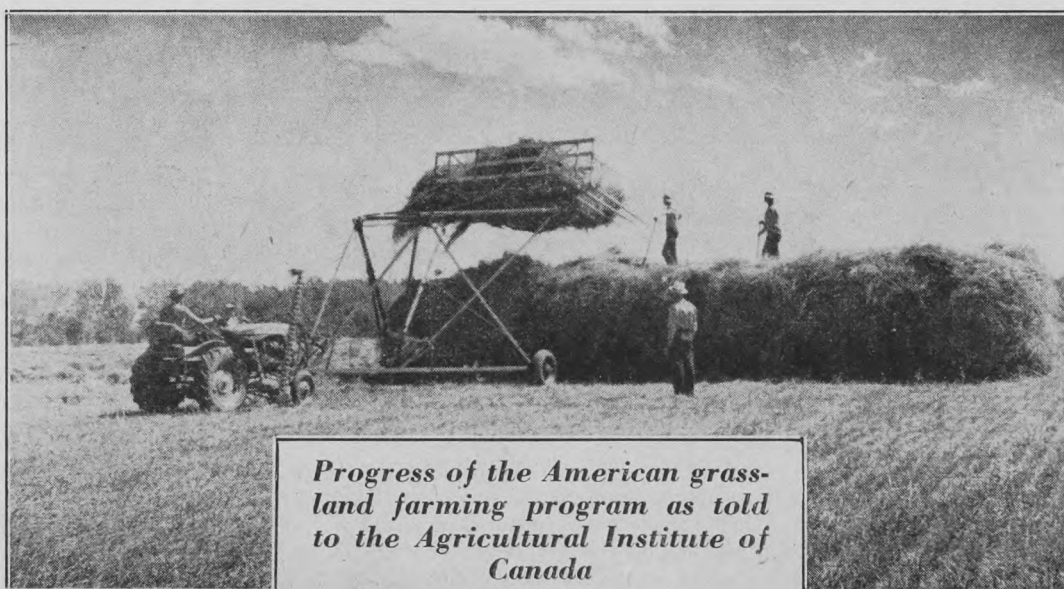
amount of feed that will be necessary, and the grasslands of the United States provide this opportunity.

Grasslands provide the major raw materials for the production of beef, mutton and dairy products. In the period 1942 to 1946, in the United States, hay and pasture provided two-thirds of the feed nutrients consumed by dairy cattle, three-fourths of the nutrients for beef cattle, and over 90 per cent of the nutrients for sheep in the United States.

We know from experimental work that even higher proportions of the feed nutrients should be derived from high-quality forage, with attendant increases in economy of production of meat and milk. In Tennessee, dairy cows have been carried through successive lactations on forage alone, and have produced 8,000 pounds of milk annually. In New Jersey, over a five-year period, dairy cows fed high-quality pasture, hay and grass silage, but no concentrates, produced an average of 8,400 pounds of milk per year. This was 82 per cent of the production of similar cows fed the same high-quality forage, plus a grain ration in the 1-to-3 ratio. The total annual production of milk in the United States is 5,000 pounds per cow, and in New Jersey it is about 7,200 pounds per cow. Thus, we can produce more milk in the United States and even in New Jersey than we now do, without feeding any concentrates, if there were an adequate supply of hay, pasture and grass silage of high quality.

In the New Jersey experiment, a grain-feeding ration to 1-to-6 produced approximately 95 per

A modern haying outfit at Lethbridge.



Progress of the American grassland farming program as told to the Agricultural Institute of Canada

cent at the 1... pounds of... Jersey average... United States... lion tons of feed... ing from the 1-to-3... of grain feeding, we... estimated 15 million... grains. The estimated deficit... grains in the United States... is about ten million tons. Thus... adopting feeding schedules empha... ing high-quality hay, grass silage and... pasture with limited grain, we could... save, in our dairy cattle feeding alone, more grain than the estimated deficit for 1951.

At experiment stations and on farms in the South and throughout other parts of the United States, beef steers are being fattened to good and choice market grades on grass alone, without any concentrates. At the North Mississippi Station, for example, steers that were fattened on Italian rye grass winter pasture alone gained 2.3 pounds per day, a total of 326 pounds per acre, with a net profit per steer of \$84. Comparable steers in the same experiment fed

grain in dry lots gained 2.46 pounds per day, but made a net profit of only \$48. Beef and veal produce 40 per cent of the meat we eat in the United States, but they consume only 12 per cent of the concentrates. With an improved grasslands program, providing an abundance of feed in the form of hay, pasture and grass silage, we can have increased beef production without any increased demand on the feed grain supply.

We may well inquire then into what the productive potentials are, from these grasslands. We have a vast acreage of grasslands in the United States. Over a billion acres, more than half of our total land area is in grazing lands. Much of this is in the sub-humid plains, the arid deserts and the forests. Here, the forage production per acre is low, but the total production is high because of the vast acreage. In the eastern half of the United States, where rainfall and other climatic conditions provide the possibility for luxuriant growth of grasses and legumes, we have approximately 230 million acres of grasslands. These consist of about 50 million acres of hay, 80 million acres of plowable pasture, and about 110 million acres of non-plowable pasture. Most of this land is unimproved and could be converted, with knowledge we have today, to highly productive grasslands with enormous increases in production of livestock feed.

LET us consider a few of the examples of the increases in production that can be obtained from improvement of these grasslands. At State College, Pennsylvania, where the unimproved pasture was capable of producing about 1,000 pounds of dry matter per acre, application of lime and fertilizer produced, after about three years, yields of 3,000 pounds per acre, three times the yield of the unimproved pasture. Renovation with tillage, liming, fertilization and reseeded to productive grasses and legumes, resulted in production of over 6,000 pounds per acre. It would take almost 90 bushels of corn to provide as many feed nutrients as 6,000 pounds of dry matter from pasture; and this was on land that was too steep and unproductive for successful corn culture.

In New Jersey, orchard grass-ladino clover pasture produced 7,600 pounds of dry matter per acre, almost three times the yield of the
(Please turn to page 25)

ETS in the bush

adopt co-operative organization to defeat high capital costs, and overhead per acre thereby touches new low. by P. M. ABEL



Four of the power units at the government camp which is clearing land for more co-operative farms at Carrot River.

THE average age of Ontario farmers owning and operating their own farms is now 60! What it is in these grain growing provinces nobody knows, but the tendency is the same everywhere. The old men hang on because there are not enough young ones to take their places.

Why the shortage of young owner-operators? The answer is simple. Many of them head for the pavements to escape the handicaps of farm life, natural and imposed. Many others would like to become owner-operators, but the capital required, soaring higher year by year, is out of their reach.

This latter fact presents a genuine problem to war veterans who would like to make a start on the land. In these days of skyscraper prices for farm equipment, the \$2,320 gratuity payment allowed to veterans who start farming wouldn't begin to buy the most modest string of implements, let alone the other initial costs, and operating expenses until the first crop is harvested.

There is, however, one way out, and a growing number of veterans are embracing it—group farming, in which a number of men pool their resources in order to start operations well equipped, and free from the millstone of debt. Eleven such co-operatives have been established by veterans in Saskatchewan, and the number would be larger if there were sufficiently large blocks of suitable land available, for there is a long waiting list of candidates.

The first of these Saskatchewan co-operative farms to be established—on the Matador Ranch in the dry southwest—has been widely publicized, and is away to a good start. But big tracts of land like the Matador do not fall into the hands of the province frequently. So the provincial authorities started clearing a large area of bush on the south bank of the Carrot River, out of which ten co-operatives have been fashioned, and which is extensive enough for at least ten more.

Who has not heard of the famous Carrot River soil? The new co-op farms lie on an extension of that belt of fertile clay which presents such an unflinching picture of abundance every harvest from Melfort to Nipawin and eastward. Once the tree growth has been removed and the roots grubbed out, the veterans on these farms can bank on the value of their chief asset, the soil. It couldn't be otherwise when the advisory board that guides the provincial department which settled these veterans in the Carrot Valley includes Dr. J. Mitchell, the man responsible for the soil survey of the province.

IN spite of all that has been written about Saskatchewan's co-op farms there is a world of ignorance, and perhaps some malicious rumor, about them. The daily newspaper in Saskatchewan's capital city allowed the publication of a letter from one irate critic stupidly asking how much money the provincial government made out of them last year. Some rugged individualists, who are scandalized at any form of co-operation, dismiss them as experiments in socialism, a facile mode of condemnation among the ignorant. The question is sometimes asked if all the owner-workers live in the same house, in the manner of Hutterites? Sometimes the questions are not as delicate as that.

What is the truth?

Take a look at the River Bend Farm, the first of the co-ops established in the Carrot River block. When it was first incorporated in January, 1948, it numbered four married men and six bachelors. Three of the latter have changed status since that time, and only three remain in "Bachelor Hall."

Left: Roy Carpenter, co-operator in charge of stock on Pasquia Hills Co-op Farm. Below: From left to right, Bob Marrison, Howard McKibbin, Bill LeCain, and Gordon Covenlock of Pasquia Hills sitting on a spruce log cut on nearby land.



Each married man has a separate house for his family, and his domestic life is as unfettered as though he lived on a private farm, except that he has near neighbors, in urban style. The dwellings, which compare favorably with the modern middle-class houses seen in Canadian cities, belong to the co-op, but in each case the incumbent couple were consulted in planning it, and are secure in their tenancy as long as they remain members of the co-op.

The bachelors live in a building too large for their shrinking numbers, so much so that it serves as a meeting place for business or social purposes. They hire a housekeeper between them to enable them to put in the same working hours as their

married neighbors, and still enjoy the amenities of civilized living.

When a co-op farm is formed in the Carrot River block, the provincial government sets aside a half section of land for each member, of which 100 acres is cleared and broken. The logic behind this plan is that each co-operator gets a property that will enable him to make a living from the start; one that will allow him to stay on the place for the whole of the growing season and thus develop it rapidly. The history of bush homesteading in Canada is that a man toils heroically by animal power to clear and break a small patch each year, and has to spend much of each working season away from home to earn enough cash to continue, while the unbroken bush becomes heavier year by year. By the time he has developed a farm big enough to sustain a family he is a broken old man.

Howard McKibbin, one of the co-operating veterans at Pasquia Hills Farm, put it succinctly when he said, "my father spent his life on a bush farm and worked far harder than I have had to do here. At the end of it he had less to show for it than I have now at the end of two years."

THE co-op farms run their own affairs, pocket their own profits, and stand their own losses. The land is held under lease from the provincial government, payment being one-seventh of the crop, plus taxes. Leases run for 33 years, with an option to purchase at any time, or to renew the lease at expiry. The price of the land at purchase is determined by a formula based on its productivity, and payment terms are ten per cent down and the balance spread over 15 years.

The co-op farms hold business meetings at regular intervals, usually once a week, at which all policy decisions are made. The meetings are thoroughly democratic, and in the best parliamentary procedure. Any subject pertinent to the operation of the farm may be discussed. Once a decision is reached, every member is bound to support it as loyally as if it were his very own. It is a hard lesson for many men to learn. Less so for service men who have known the cementing influence of barrack life, who have been bound together in ventures of life and death. Take it from Earl Stickle, one of the members of Sunnyside Co-op Farm, "give and take becomes easier the longer you practice it."

Routine management is conducted by committees, usually half a dozen of them, whose members are elected for yearly terms. Responsibility is spread out as evenly as possible, and each member is likely to be on at least one committee, even on large farms like Fairview with 17 members. On small farms like Woodlands, with only four members, a man is likely to find himself serving on three committees.

If you took the first ten men you met who would like to acquire a farm and formed them into a co-operative, you would be courting disaster. Many

men are frankly unsuited to the kind of teamwork co-operation demands. The government administrators, and the planning committee which advises them, take the most elaborate care in selecting the men for inclusion in this type of farm organization. Applicants are first of all required to attend a five-day co-op school course conducted by the department, and to work for a year on the government power farming gang which clears and breaks land for the next co-ops to be formed.

It is a rigid training school. It weeds out the weak backs and the sharp tongues, the faint hearts and greedy hands, the drones, the quibblers and the intriguers. It teaches men from the plains the peculiar problems that perplex northern bush farmers. It works the necessary transformation in the minds of those boys who went into war service from horsed farms and emerged after the war into an era of mechanized farming. Married men may and do bring their families with them to live in the tractor camp during their year of apprenticeship, and these too, undergo scrutiny. A potential co-operator may be married to a wife who does best inside a high board fence, or possess kids whose natural habitat is a zoo. The co-op crowd cannot afford to harbor this ilk.

WHILE at work in the government camp, the aspiring co-op farm members draw wages. It is a common thing for them to be paid for breaking land which they will one day own. It is also a common thing to use the wages they draw to build shacks on skids which are moved out to the dwelling site, once the land is allocated, for unlike the River Bend Farm, on most co-ops the residents own their own houses.

The groupings that take place among those who pass the probationary period are worked out among the men themselves. No man is obliged to throw in his lot with men in whom he has no confidence.

In spite of this careful selection and assorting, a few men get into co-op farms who do not stay. One man quit because his wife could not bear to live so far from her own people. Of another case Earl Stickle says, "those who are impatient to make money fast do not stay." On another farm one man quit because the co-op farm to which he belonged paid him only 75 cents an hour, whereas he could make \$1.25 an hour in Vancouver. When the farm paid a bonus of \$2,000 at the end of the year he wanted to change his mind. It was too late. His replacement was on the job.

That brings up the question of division of profits. All the farms pay wages to their members for time spent at work on the place. If there were a profit at the end of a year it would be subject to corporation income tax. The co-ops solve that problem by seeing to it that there is no profit. It is divided among the members.

To keep the wage bill down, winter wages are

low, and bachelors are encouraged to find work elsewhere if they are so minded. The jobs they go to are the most varied imaginable. Some of them improve the time by attending the agricultural school at Saskatoon.

The co-ops endeavor to incorporate some of the amenities which are being adopted in urban work. Most of them do not work on Saturday afternoons, save in harvest time. If a man wants a long weekend—the whole of Saturday and Sunday off, he works the previous Saturday afternoon. If he wants a longer holiday in the midsummer slack season, that too can be arranged, but of course he forfeits wages for that period.

The co-op farms practice a form of sickness and

which it is situated has justly earned a reputation, over a long period, as a "sure crop country." An unheard-of mid-August frost ruined the crop last year. One co-op farm alone burned 400 acres of standing crop. Sorely though it hit that farm, one of its members remarked, "what a blow that would have been to a private farm in this country! As it is, ten of us share the loss."

Because of that misfortune all the Carrot River co-op farms went behind on the 1950 operations, even the oldest ones for whom it was a second crop. For the newer farms harvesting their first crop it was a tragedy.

Among the co-operators themselves there is a lively argument as to what constitutes the most economical-sized farm for this type of organization. Obviously a big farm like Fairview with 17, or Pasquia Hills with 15 members, has more capital to invest and bigger areas to bring under the plow. Naturally they have larger field outfits which at first sight seem to offer some economies.

Actually some of the bigger farms seemed to be hardest hit by last year's crop failure. These veteran co-operators are grimly determined men who know what they are aiming at. Better human material cannot be found anywhere on these prairies. They will

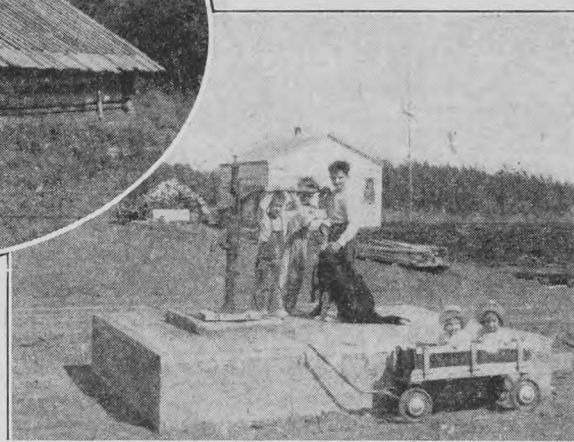
tackle anything to succeed. They are going out on a limb financially to get their large tracts of land quickly into production. The bigger farms are out on a longer limb.

ONE big co-op farm was operating in June of this year with half of its labor force in order to allow the others to get out and earn cash. And the confidence of this skeleton staff that it could keep all the wheels turning was comparable to the mental attitude of Jersey Joe Walcott stacked against odds of five-to-one.

The department of co-operation at Regina looks after these farms like a hen with a batch of chickens. The clucking is done by Harold Chapman, himself farm-bred and a veteran. He conducts the successive co-op schools, starting point for every farm member, and acts as guide, counsellor and friend when the newly organized units want outside advice. Under his persuasion all the co-op farms have adopted a uniform system of accounting, and all employ the same auditor. The farms make no great secret of their balance sheets, and any unfriendly critic can pick them apart if that exercise gives him any comfort. (Please turn to page 43)



Above: Few bush farmers could afford by their third year an ice house, as above, or the splendid concrete cribbed well, right, in use on Sunnysdale Co-op Farm. Several of the co-operative farms saw their own lumber.



Below: Close proximity of dwellings gives children on co-operative farms more playmates, as well as better social intercourse for their parents. One centrally located farm has set aside 40 acres for a school and townsite.

accident insurance. At Sunnysdale, one member's wife had to be rushed to hospital for an emergency. Neighboring households immediately took over the three children, and the husband remained in town, 25 miles distant, on full pay for the whole length of her critical illness.

The larger farms develop specialists to an amazing extent. Their workshops are manned by men like Earl Stickle who merely had to switch from Rolls-Royce air engines to farm tractors. A livestock man like Roy Carpenter, soon leaves his impress on a farm, and determines, in some measure, divergencies in farm policy from the general trend. Even the tractor drivers stick to their own machines. Usually two men are allotted to each tractor, and work two shifts, 12 hours in rush seasons and nine hours at other times.

Some of the farms have tried large gardens to supply the whole farm population, but it has been found more satisfactory in most cases to have one large block of potatoes from which everyone draws, and separate family gardens for all other vegetables.

The Carrot River experiment in co-op farming suffered a terrific setback in 1950. The valley in

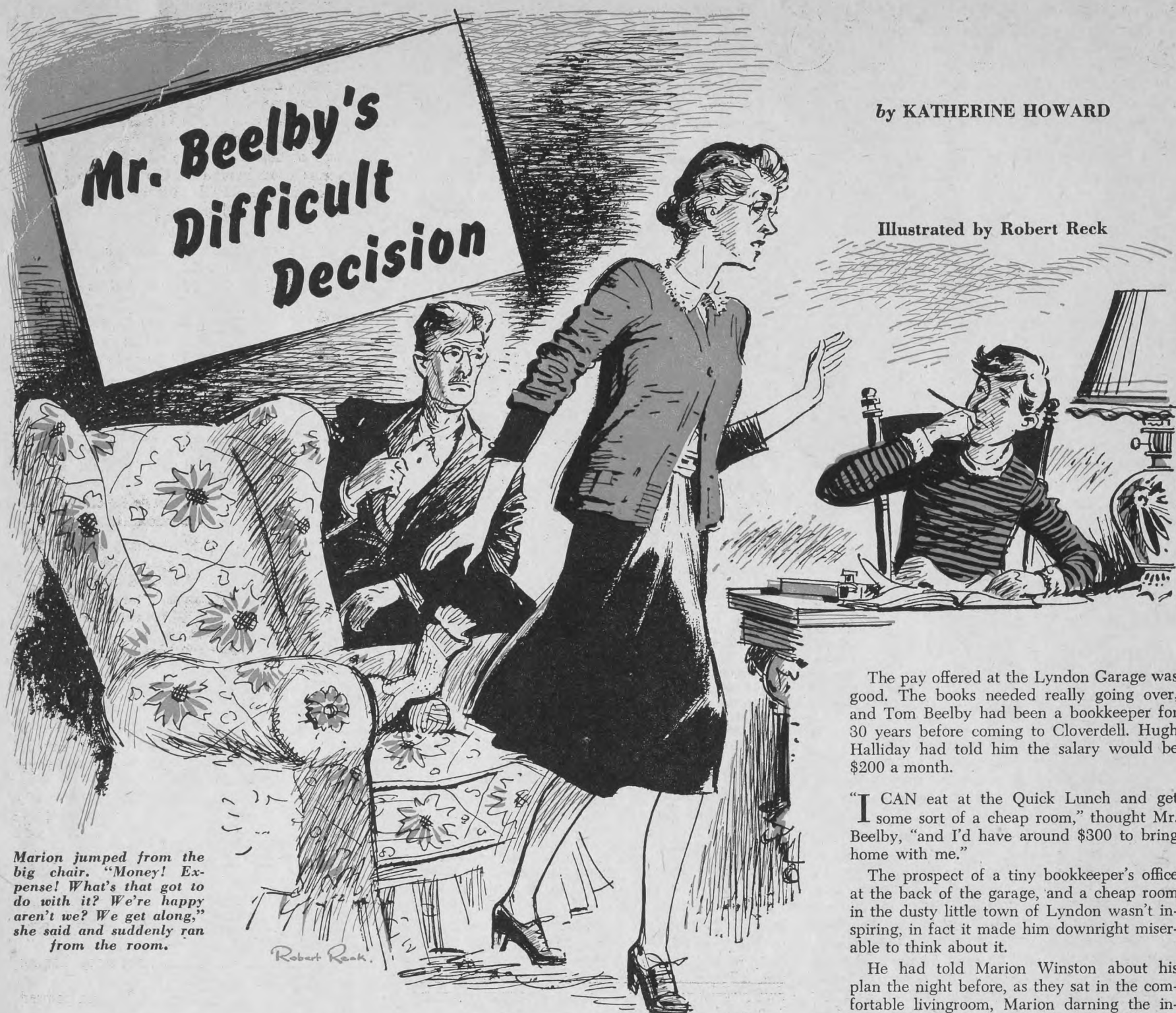


Dwellings on River Bend Co-operative Farm.

War veterans, with insufficient capital to equip individual farms properly, band together into groups and get off to a flying start with help from the provincial government, strong supporter of co-operation

by KATHERINE HOWARD

Illustrated by Robert Reck



Marion jumped from the big chair. "Money! Expense! What's that got to do with it? We're happy aren't we? We get along," she said and suddenly ran from the room.

Robert Reck

MR. BEELBY was intensely miserable. He sat on the edge of an upturned wheelbarrow and stared unseeingly across the garden toward the white house of Cloverdell Farm. The beauty and fragrance of the June evening made no impression on him. He sighed heavily.

Eleven-year-old Jimmy Winston stared at his idol, Mr. Beelby, with mystified hazel eyes. "Why do you have to go to Lyndon, Mr. Beelby?" he said curiously. "Why are you going to work for Mr. Halliday at the Garage? Are you sick and tired of living on the farm with us? Mom said . . ."

Mr. Beelby, a quick flush suffusing his thin, brown face, took off his silver-rimmed spectacles and wiped them energetically with a big white handkerchief.

"Your mother doesn't really think that, Jimmy? She didn't say so did she?"

That was what Tom Beelby had been afraid of, ever since he had answered the advertisement for a competent accountant for the Lyndon Garage. Would Marion Winston, the pretty, blue-eyed, brown-haired mother of 15-year-old Pete, and the twins, Jimmy and John, understand or would she misjudge his motives?

"It's only a temporary job, Jimmy," Mr. Beelby said absently, feeling keenly aware of every one of his 55 years.

"What's temporary?" Jimmy's tone was truculent, "and I don't see why you have to go."

Mr. Beelby sighed and passed a nervous, brown hand over his thinning grey hair. How could he explain to a youngster like Jimmy? In fact how could he explain to any one of the family who had taken

him into their hearts and made him one of them. How could he tell them that he felt he ought to earn some money; that the chance of a good bookkeeping position for a couple of months at Lyndon, the small town ten miles away, was a godsend at this time?

When the crop had proved poor because of the dry summer, the clover frozen, and only the flax profitable, Marion Winston had said, her blue eyes calm, "We are lucky we had such a good garden. So many people didn't. The cows should milk all through the winter, too. We'll get along."

But Tom Beelby, who had put his \$1,000 into the farm a year ago when he came to Cloverdell, knew that didn't mean he could live forever, however happily, as a pensioner on the Winston farm, even if he did earn his board.

He had justified himself by working extra hard all through the spring. He had felt that he was earning his keep; but now the crops were all seeded. It cost money, Tom Beelby had found out after almost two years on the farm, to operate the power machinery and gear the farm into production for another year, and money was scarce. "Three husky boys and a man to keep, takes money," argued Mr. Beelby to himself.

The pay offered at the Lyndon Garage was good. The books needed really going over, and Tom Beelby had been a bookkeeper for 30 years before coming to Cloverdell. Hugh Halliday had told him the salary would be \$200 a month.

"I CAN eat at the Quick Lunch and get some sort of a cheap room," thought Mr. Beelby, "and I'd have around \$300 to bring home with me."

The prospect of a tiny bookkeeper's office at the back of the garage, and a cheap room in the dusty little town of Lyndon wasn't inspiring, in fact it made him downright miserable to think about it.

He had told Marion Winston about his plan the night before, as they sat in the comfortable livingroom, Marion darning the inevitable socks, Pete studying for his exams at the end of June, the twins assembling model airplanes, Mr. Beelby looking at them, and revelled in being there.

"Do you really have to go?" Marion's clear blue eyes had looked steadily at him. "Do you really want to take Mr. Halliday's offer?"

He hadn't told her he'd answered the advertisement. He'd made it appear as though Hugh Halliday had offered the job, and Mr. Beelby had taken it, for a change, and to help him out. Tom felt that if he told Mrs. Winston the real reason why he was going, she would certainly object and say that they could manage somehow.

"I think I should," he said. He regarded her steadily through his silver-rimmed spectacles, and his grey eyes were very tender. He thought for the thousandth time how wonderful she was. "It's good money and for only

a short time."

"Two months isn't a short time," Marion said positively. "The loveliest two months out of the whole year. It will seem very long . . ." Her gentle voice had an unusual, weary note.

Pete looked quickly at his mother. His dark eyes narrowed. He laid down his science book and said, "Mom, what's the use (Please turn to page 28)

Tom Beelby considers taking a job in town, a new neighbor moves in next to the Cloverdell Farm and matters become complicated in the Winston family

NOT TO FORGET

by EDWARD and ROSE PRICE

HE didn't stop at Grewe's store once in six months, preferring, for the one reason he would not admit to himself, to make the longer trip to Newmarket for his needs. Now he drew up to and stopped there, on the way to Hill's farm, hoping John, not Mrs. Grewe, would be there. It was the women of the town who kept him lonely.

Mrs. Grewe was there, and Mrs. Lockett, and another he supposed he should know.

"Well, Johnny Marin!" she exclaimed. "I see you pass by every week, and I say to my husband, 'Now, why doesn't Johnny Marin stop here the way he used to when Polly was alive?' Why, I can see you now, the two of you, coming in, laughing and talking, to get some ice cream to bring up to her father's."

"We—ell—" Johnny began, awkwardly.

"It seems like only yesterday," Mrs. Grewe went on. "And if I've said it once, I've said it a thousand times to everyone, 'There's the man who married the loveliest girl in the county.' My! Your Polly was pretty, John Marin."

There it was again, that undertone of accusation, and Johnny said, "Yes, she—"

Mrs. Lockett put in, "Let's see. The baby would be around four, now?"

"This March past," Johnny said.

The woman he supposed he should know said, "Four years. You've certainly been faithful to her memory, Mr. Marin." The way she said it, Johnny figured it a grudging and doubting concession.

"Look, Mrs. Grewe," he said, harshly, "could I get a pound can of that Stockman tobacco? I'm in kind of a hurry."

He paid and went out. As he started the car, he heard, "Well! Like the old saying, 'Man gets and forgets; woman gives and'—"

The burn of his ears had cooled by the time he reached Hill's, and sat in the old familiar kitchen, on the late Saturday afternoon, and watched Kathie wrap the big brown loaves he was to take home.

She had Polly's quick, graceful way of walking, of bending to the table, and when she turned to face him she was the only person in Leetown who didn't remind him of Polly.

She was dark, and deeply quiet; Polly had been gold sunshine and song. And she had never seen or known Polly; Mr. Hill's sister had taken her from the drabness of a city tenement, a few years back, to be company for her, and to help around the house.

Kathie was pretty enough, Johnny acknowledged, even her snub nose, but she was not what Polly's loveliness had been, the wonder and admiration of five towns. And part of that wonder, to him as to everyone, was that Polly had loved and married and—well, yes, people said—died for him.

THERE were the memories of their little year together that must always be with him, he thought. The murmurs in the night, in the cool gloom of their bedroom, her voice at the piano, singing the songs his mother had sung there, and Polly moving about the kitchen at home as Kathie moved about this one.



"I've been waiting for you Johnny," she said. "The bread's ready. It seemed so nice out here. It's a good time of the year."

He cleared his throat, softly. "Old Brooks turned up this morning," he said irrelevantly. He chuckled, filling his pipe. "Spring is here, then, when he comes back. When the sap starts running no county farm can hold him long. Lazy old dog, I don't see why I—"

"Pa Hill says your mother liked him around the house."

He said, thoughtfully, "That's right. Polly thought a deal of him, too."

Kathie had wrapped his week's bread, packed it in a carton. "The spring is so late this year. Johnny,

Folks remembered that John Marin had married the loveliest girl in the county and they made it pretty clear what sacrifice she had made. "They are keeping me married to a memory," he said in bitterness

Illustrated by J. H. Petrie

when next you come, I wish you'd notice if the new shoots of skunk cabbage have sprung up at all in that far lot of yours. You know how Pa Hill wants a mess of the greens the minute they're out. Bitter stuff, ugh! Good for his nerves, he says, though."

"I ought to plow that piece," he was reminded and then he grinned. "But I'll let it lay for Polly's pa." Behind the grin, she saw the hurt and loneliness that stayed fresh and raw.

Kathie said, "Old Brooks will be company for you, Johnny, and you'll get a change from your own cooking. You ought to get a woman in, Johnny."

Then, beneath the glow from the stove's heat, a sudden flush deepened on her face as he looked at her.

She went on, hurriedly, "Mrs. Mac-Gonagle, for instance. She kept house for old Horace, until he died, and took good care of him. She might—"

"I need no woman's care," Johnny said. "Arch and young Whitehouse both live at home; Brooks sleeps over the woodshed; I only keep two rooms open."

HE went to the car, but turned and waved back to her before he reached it. Passing the store, he waved to John Grewe, standing before it with two or three others. He could guess what John would be saying.

"There's Johnny Marin, farms on the back river road. Married the nicest girl you ever laid eyes on. She died—"

Old Albert Brooks was on the stone stoop, honing a scythe, as Johnny drove in.

"That's not scraping the henyard," Marin pointed out.

"You're right, Johnny boy, you're right," Brooks said, cheerily. "But my back ached, boy, and I always break in gradual. As long's a man's doin' something, I say, he's putting in his time."

Johnny looked around, and his discontent with his life, with the farm, with everything, was almost hate.

"Damitall, anyway," he said, using old Brooks for a talk-stump. "Half a mind to clear out."

The old man cautiously thumbed the scythe blade, not looking up.

"Far-off cows look good," he said, honing again. "You're better off where you are, boy. Big, good-running farm like this, and you made state potater king by the fertilizer comp'ny last year. Now, what ails you, boy, is—"

Johnny stepped past him into the glooming kitchen, and poked up the fire for supper. Old Brooks followed him in, took the rocker by the built-in set of drawers. He filled his pipe from Johnny's pound can, lit and drew on it contentedly.

"Now, what I was saying is, what you need is—"

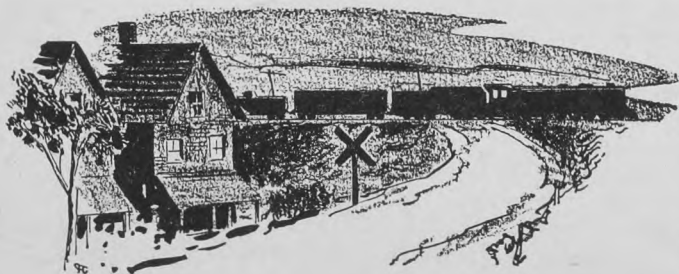
Johnny, at the woodbox, tossed a knotty hickory chunk thumpingly on the floor.

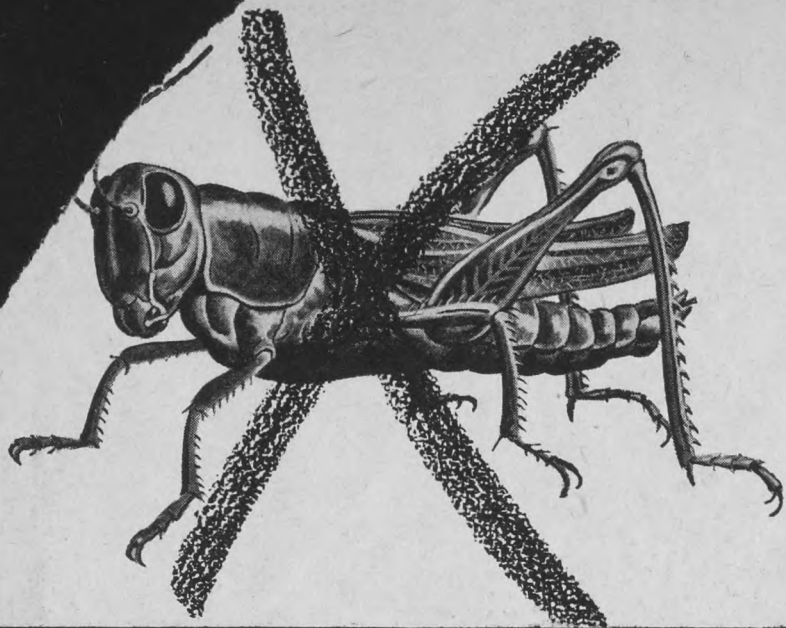
"What I need," he said, "is more work and less talk, you old souse. And wood that's decently split."

"No cause to act that-a-way, Johnny boy," Brooks said, unperturbed. "I put that one in, thinking, 'Now, there's a good backlog to hold the fire through the night and save'—"

"Wood," said Johnny. He went out to where Arch and young

(Please turn to page 26)





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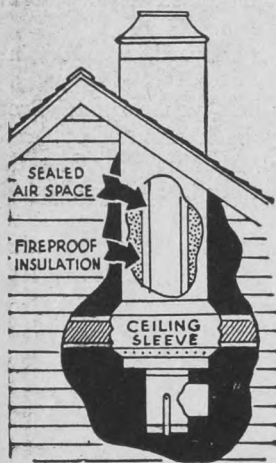
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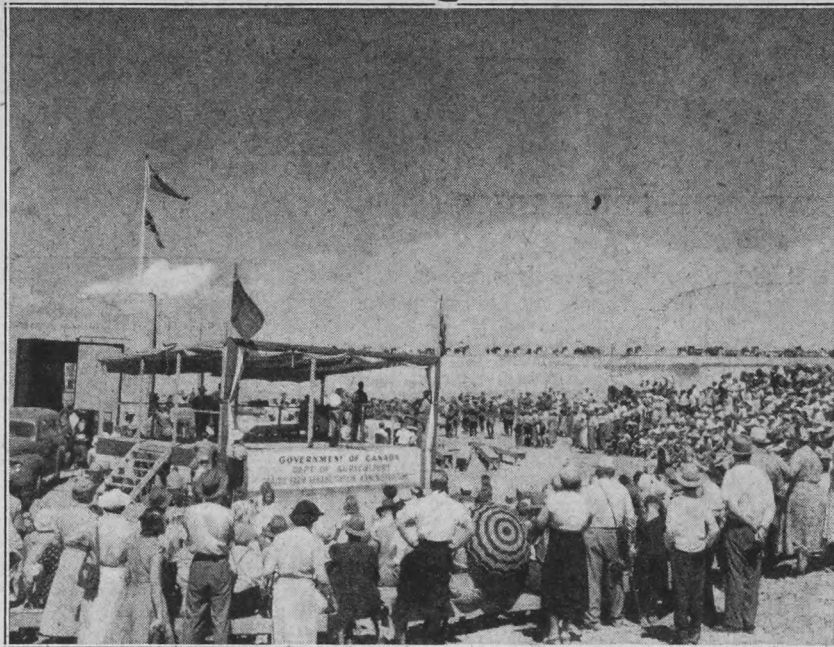
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News of Agriculture



Part of the huge crowd at the opening of St. Mary dam, high in the background. [Gilde Photo.]

St. Mary Dam Opening

"It gives me great pleasure to turn the waters from the first nationally constructed large reservoir upon the fertile land of southern Alberta," said Hon. J. G. Gardiner. "I consider the inauguration of this policy as the most outstanding and helpful achievement of my period as Minister of Agriculture for Canada. I trust it is only the beginning of a development which will multiply Canadian homes in the West."

Before a huge gathering of 10,000 persons, representing innumerable organizations, the Minister thus officially opened the largest and highest compacted earth dam so far built in Canada.

The dam itself is 186 feet high, 2,036 feet long at the crest, 1,460 feet wide at the base, and 40 feet wide at the top. It contains over 4,000,000 cubic yards of clay, gravel, sand and riprap. It will create a reservoir 18 miles long and as much as six miles wide, which will be 173 feet deep against the dam.

The St. Mary dam is the central part of a \$30,000,000 St. Mary-Milk River development program, on which so far the federal government has expended \$11,000,000 and the provincial government a further \$5,000,000. When completed, the program will utilize the waters of four rivers: the St. Mary, Waterton, Belly and Milk, the waters from which will serve an estimated 510,000 acres of southern Alberta land running northeast from the dam, which is 26 miles southwest of Lethbridge, and points as far away as Medicine Hat.

When filled, the St. Mary dam will store 290,000 acre-feet of usable water; and will be one of 11 reservoirs in all, with a combined effective storage capacity of 818,200 acre-feet of water.

Hall of Fame

THE province of Alberta has established an Agricultural Hall of Fame. A project of Hon. D. A. Ure, Minister of Agriculture, the opening ceremony was held in the Legislative Buildings in Edmonton, on July 17, at which five persons comprising the first residents of the province to be admitted to the Agricultural Hall of Fame received certificates, saying that they had "by their inspiration and work

... rendered a lasting and outstanding contribution to development of the agricultural industry in this province." The persons honored were the following:

The late Joe H. Johnstone, who homesteaded in Alberta in 1889 and from 1914 onward served the University of Alberta, first as herdsman and next as superintendent, until his retirement in 1947, having rendered memorable service to students, to the institution and the province. He died in 1950.

Henry Wise Wood, who came to Alberta in 1905 and from 1914 until his retirement in 1937 was successively director, vice-president and president of the United Farmers of Alberta, as well as president of the Alberta Wheat Pool, from 1923 onward. He died in 1941.

Frank Collicutt, whose Willow Springs Ranch at Crossfield, established in 1898, but devoted to purebred Herefords from 1911 onward, achieved fame for him "as one of the largest and most able Hereford breeders on the continent."

Claude Gallinger, whose reputation as a breeder of purebred beef cattle since 1925, especially with Shorthorns since 1932, has, according to the citation, made his name "almost synonymous with that of Killearen, the village in Scotland from which his foundation stock came."

Charles S. Noble, a resident of Alberta since 1902, who made his contribution by concentrating his energy and ability on the solution of the problem of drought, and by his invention and distribution of trash cover tillage implements of the type known as the Noble blade.

Weather Forecasting

U.S. Weather Bureau officials say that if they had 500 years of weather records instead of only 50, they might be able to predict oncoming spells of dry weather more reliably. Dr. C. S. Gilman, climatologist, believes that the long range forecasting of droughts by statistical methods will have to wait until future generations have more data.

Nevertheless, a study of 50 years of weather records at 46 U.S. Weather Bureau Stations, has led to a tentative conclusion, namely, that if one dry month has been experienced in

any section of the U.S., it is a little more probable than mere chance would dictate, that the following month will be dry also. The Weather Bureau is making this study in an attempt to find out whether there is some controlling force which tends to make dry weather persist, once it has started. If this is true, droughts would occur more frequently than if they occurred by chance. If a persistent drought such as we experienced in the thirties happened by chance, Dr. Gilman says that statistically another similar drought should not occur in the same area for thousands of years.

Get It at a Glance

HON. C. D. HOWE, Canada's Minister of Trade and Commerce, announced on July 24 that Britain will purchase 95 million bushels of wheat and 350,000 tons of flour (18,000,000 bushels of wheat) from Canada in 1951-52, under the terms of the International Wheat Agreement, which will mean \$1.90 $\frac{3}{4}$ per bushel in Canadian dollars, plus the six cents carrying charge, if allowed.

AT the rate of 1,500 pounds of food annually, including milk at four pounds per day, United States citizens average about 608 million pounds of food consumed daily. This is about 80 million pounds more food per day than was required in 1940.

TOTAL purchases of wheat by importing countries under the International Wheat Agreement in 1951-52 will amount to 580.9 million bushels. The largest purchaser is the United Kingdom, with 177 million bushels, and the smallest is Liberia, with 37,000 bushels. Japan, the newest member of the Agreement, will take 18.4 million bushels.

HOG prices reached a record \$39 per hundred pounds dressed weight on the Winnipeg livestock market on Tuesday, July 24.

AS at the middle of May of this year, farm wages had increased appreciably over the same period in 1950, in all provinces except Nova Scotia. Lowest monthly wages without board were \$90.88 paid in Prince Edward Island (average), and the highest was a \$141.67 average reached in British Columbia.

THE national average U.S. wheat price support for the 1951 crop has been fixed at \$2.18 per bushel to farmers, which compares with \$1.99 per bushel last year. The terminal market price support rates vary from \$2.61 for the east coast markets, to \$2.40 for Pacific northwest terminal markets.

TWENTY-SEVEN per cent of Canadian beef cattle marketed during the first five months of this year were exported to the United States either as live cattle or beef, as compared with 30 per cent last year. About 12 per cent fewer cattle were available for domestic use this year, though the average carcass weighed four per cent more.

BEGINNING August 1, the Inspection Branch of the Board of Grain Commissioners for Canada will not grade Red Bobs wheat or mixtures of Red Bobs higher than No. 3 Manitoba Northern, subject to certain procedures laid down by the Board.

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Ben Soke, of Saltcoats, Sask. says, "No other tractor can compare with a 'Cat' D2 Tractor for all types of farm work." He saves at least 50% on his fuel bill over his former tractor. "Live" power takeoff controlled by a separate clutch and wide range of travel speeds have made "Cat" Diesel Tractors harvest favorites.

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J. Sall, Quappelle, Sask. reports, "My 'Cat' D2 Tractor is the only machine I can use on my farm, for the land is rough and unbroken. Best machinery investment I ever made." He uses it for all farm work and land clearing. Traction, power and economy give "Cat" Diesel Tractors the edge on drawbar work.



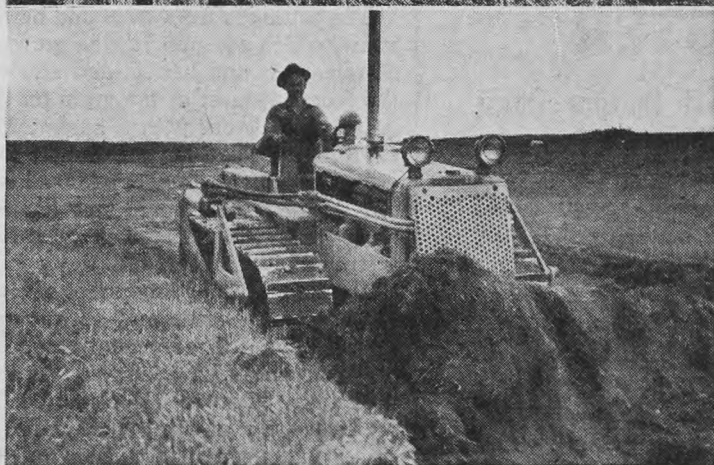
▲ FOR BELT WORK . . .

Sam Williamson, Indian Head, Sask. states, "No repairs at 1735 hours. Very good traction. Well pleased with our D2's ability to stand up to long working hours. We use it for all farm work." Amazing lugging power and sensitive governor provide steady, uniform speed for belt and power takeoff work.

▲ FOR BULLDOZER WORK . . .

E. M. Snitner, Ste. Flore, Quebec has this to say about his D4, "This is a wonderful piece of equipment. Economy of operation, traction, low repairs and thoughtful engineering make it that way. We use it for leveling, ditching and hauling." "Cat" Diesel Tractors have moved more earth and cleared more land than any other make of tractor!

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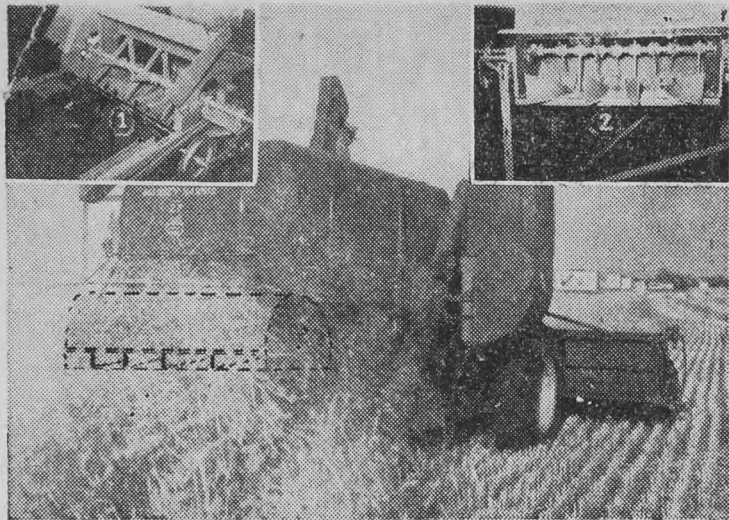


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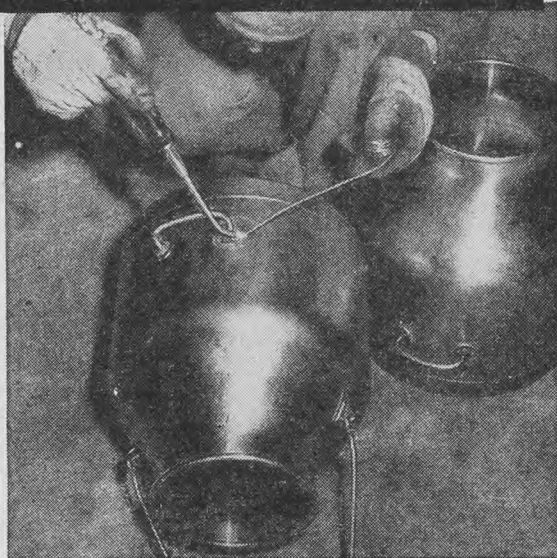
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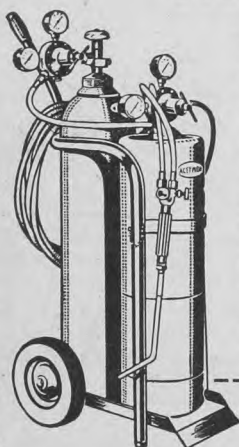
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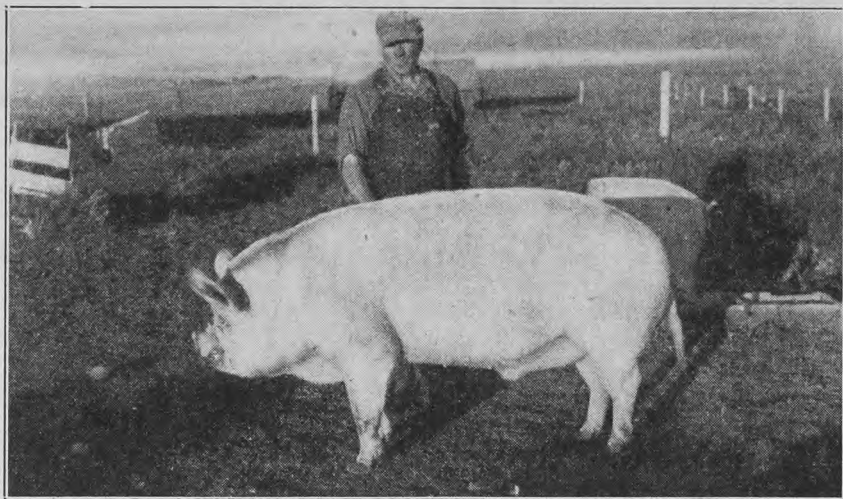
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LIVESTOCK



[Guide photo

E. G. Chubb, Stonehenge, Sask., was proud of this Yorkshire boar and believed hogs are profitable even when feeding three-cent grain.

Livestock and Calf Clubs

A grain, livestock combination in Sask., with calf clubs on the side

E. G. CHUBB, of Stonehenge, Saskatchewan, has two principal interests. His special interest on the farm is livestock, and off the farm it is calf clubs, of one of which he had been the leader for five years when I visited the farm.

Mr. Chubb has a section of land, his boys have another section, and in addition they rent three quarters, three miles north of the home place. He had bought the place in 1920, when blacksmithing at Valour. During the next 18 years, however, he bought grain, and only came back to the farm in 1937, which, incidentally, was probably the poorest crop year in Saskatchewan's history. It was because of this experience during the thirties, when wind erosion was very bad, that Mr. Chubb adopted strip farming, using twenty-acre strips.

"We probably haven't sold more than 3,000 bushels of all grains in the last four years," he said. "In fact, we generally buy oats and barley."

It is dry country, and while wheat grows about 15 bushels per acre, the barley yield is only fair at 20 bushels, and 25 bushels of oats is big. This accounted for the fact that on the home place, where half the cultivated land is in fallow, there were 60 acres of barley, 120 acres of wheat, and only 40 acres of oats, in addition to brome, alfalfa and crested wheat grass for hay and pasture.

The cattle are fed the oat and barley straw, which accounts for the growing of some oats and barley, and also for the fact that most of the grain on the home place is cut with a binder. Mr. Chubb said that he got caught one year, and bought straw at \$4.00 a load. He decided this should not happen again, and at the time of my visit had a strawstack six years old.

He thought the going prices of market livestock—cattle and hogs—warranted around three cents per pound for feed grains. A year ago, he had paid from \$1.23 to \$1.44 per bushel for barley, but on the other hand, hog prices had been higher than he had ever known them to be.

Everybody who would like to farm land where wild oats are not a problem, please put their hands up. I think it is generally agreed that wild oats are the Number One weed problem in the three prairie provinces, because of the difficulty of eradication and the reduced yields and dockage which they

bring about, but Mr. Chubb says that wild oats are no problem to him. He just hasn't got any to worry about. Frenchweed is the chief worry in his area, and it certainly can be a pest where it is bad. Like a great many other good prairie farmers, he prefers the cultivator to the one-way disk, wherever he can use it to advantage.

Mr. Chubb waxes really enthusiastic about calf clubs. Both 1949 and 1950 were very successful years for the local club which, incidentally, appears in standard uniform of blue trousers and slacks, white shirts and blouses, black ties, red coats, and grey felt hats, trimmed with red. Angus calves are bought each year for the club members, and it is left to Mr. Chubb to find the calves. A committee of five high-standing club members is appointed to pick out the individual calves, which are purchased by the pound, and then members draw lots to see which calves they actually get to feed.

No member has ever secured first money two years in succession. For the first year or so, calves were picked from all over, but for the last three years they have been purchased from one ranch at Mankota.

In 1949, the club won the club efficiency competition at Saskatoon, taking the Burns Bros. trophy. One club member, Tom Pouris, took top honors in general proficiency, which won him a \$100 scholarship, in addition to \$25 cash. Similarly, Laura Malesh, who had won an Eaton's gold watch in 1948 competed at Saskatoon in 1949. Mary Freeston won a similar watch at Moose Jaw in 1949, and Clarence Oania did the same in 1950. There would appear to be more than a little reason for Mr. Chubb's pride in the baby beef club.—H.S.F.

B-13 (?)

OHIO research workers had felt for some time that distillers' solubles contain some unidentified element useful in promoting rapid growth of swine. Now, Florida workers, after experimental tests, have apparently found that this material, not yet identified, but which they call Vitamin B-13, can be stored in the tissues of the pig, like Vitamin A, and until the supply is depleted, growth will continue.

Two lots of pigs were fed, one of which contained every element hogs

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SEE PAGE 24

"The Itching Was Driving Me Frantic"

"I had a serious major operation," writes Mrs. M. T. of Timmins, Ontario. "After 15 days in hospital I returned home. Two days later developed a terrible itching. Doctor tried numerous medicines and baths without result. For 5 days and nights I got no sleep—the itching was driving me frantic and my nurse was just a bundle of nerves. She saw your ad in a Toronto paper—bought and used it the same night, and that night I had my first real sleep in days. Thanks to my nurse and you for an Oil that was so soothing, gentle and kind to me. Emerald Oil has me up and around again. Many thanks."

Moone's Emerald Oil is simple and pleasant to use—so antiseptic and penetrating that many old, stubborn cases of itching skin afflictions have yielded to its influence. The same is true of Itching Toes and Feet, Barber's Itch and Salt Rheum. You can obtain Emerald Oil wherever drugs are sold.

were known to need. The second lot was fed the same ration plus the distillers' solubles. Both lots were fed in dry lot, and both gained equally for 45 days. Then, those which lacked the solubles fell behind. The conclusion was reached that rations commonly used in dry lot feeding either lack it completely, or in sufficient quantities; and this conclusion plus the experiment, also carries with it the idea that the feeds used before the pigs are confined for dry lot feeding, contain this element. More work is apparently required to determine whether this material is obtained by the pigs from soil or from pasture plants, or both.

Sun Shade for Swine

WHITE hogs are more likely to sunburn and blister when pasturing on certain plants than on others, according to S. W. Terrill, head of the Swine Division at the University of Illinois. It appears that white pigs have a skin sensitivity to certain plants which is in the nature of an allergy. One pasture crop of this type is rape, which causes this allergy if pigs are pastured on it in the morning while the crop is damp with dew. Pasturing rape in hot weather should therefore be limited to afternoon use.

More efficient gains and healthier animals will result if adequate sunshades are provided for swine. Nothing elaborate is necessary. A pole framework supported by ordinary posts which will clear the ground at five feet is sufficient, if covered with brush, straw or other light material. Terrill suggests that the first clipping of coarse sweet clover does exceptionally well. Placed on while green, it settles down, lasts all summer without blowing off, and allows the rain to drift through, which helps to control the dust. It is advisable to allow from ten to 15 square feet of space per head under the shade for market hogs.

Need a Dugout?

IF your supply of water has been limited, it would be a good idea to construct a dugout this fall, so as to catch the runoff water from the melting snow in the spring. Suitable locations for dams are limited, because these are best placed in fairly flat, narrow coolies. Dugouts, says the experimental station at Swift Current, can be put in almost anywhere, "provided there is a drainage area of 50 to 100 acres to supply runoff water." The station says that a dugout 165 by 65 by 12 feet deep would hold over 400,000 gallons, which is enough for 100 head of livestock during the summer only, or a year-round supply for household and 50 head of stock.

If it is necessary to use the water from a dugout for domestic use or for winter livestock watering, don't put it too far from the building. Locate it within the farmstead, and fence it well. Avoid the mistake of putting the dugout where it will attract an accumulation of barnyard and vegetable wastes. This is particularly important if the water is to be used for domestic use.

If you need more dugouts or water storage, the Swift Current Station reminds us that engineering and financial assistance are provided under P.F.R.A. for the construction of water storage facilities within the P.F.R.A. area. Write to the Water Development Branch, P.F.R.A., McCallum-Hill Building, Regina, Saskatchewan.

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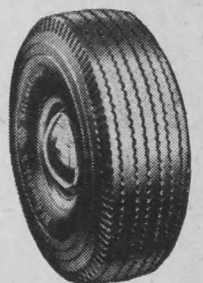
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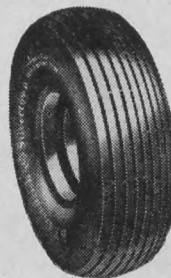
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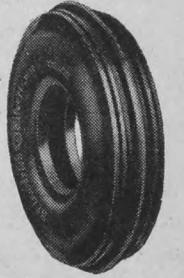
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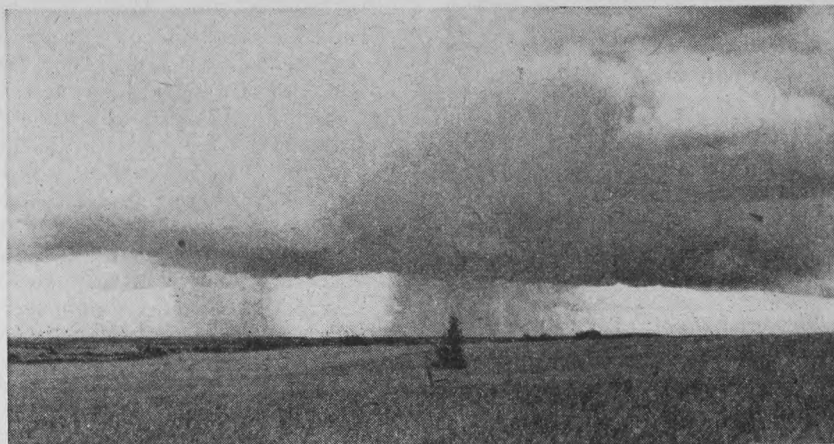
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FIELD



[Guide photo]

These clouds represent much needed moisture for prairie crops, but they do not always appear where most needed.

Save the Snow Moisture

FARMING methods are often responsible for wasting valuable soil moisture contained in the winter's snow. From the Soil Research Laboratory at Swift Current, W. J. Staple reports that for the last 29 years the average snowfall at Swift Current has been equal to three inches of rainfall, or to 24 per cent of the annual precipitation. The minimum during this period was 1.5 inches of water equivalent, and the maximum was six inches. Over a period of seven years, at the experimental substations in the Swift Current area, an average of 4.4 inches of precipitation, mostly snowfall, was received from November to April inclusive.

It is worth noting that despite wide variations from year to year, the winter precipitation was effective every year in stubble fields, but in summer-fallow it is possible to conserve moisture in only three years out of seven.

Mr. Staple recommends that to hold snow, stubble should be tall and free from weeds. This also indicates the importance of maintaining good trash covers on summerfallow, with additional cover for knolls to prevent snow blowing.

Measuring Frost Depth

RESEARCHERS at the University of Wisconsin have found that they can use the type of gypsum blocks often used for the measurement of soil moisture, to measure the depth of frost in the soil. This method requires the use of electricity, and the amount of soil moisture or frost in the soil is indicated by the resistance to electricity which the blocks of gypsum present.

Frozen soil in winter is a hazard in some areas where crops are often winter-killed, including winter grain crops. Frozen soil means later planting dates, because it takes longer for the frozen ground to dry up and warm up enough for crops.

The Wisconsin station comments on the loss of surface soil, and of manure spread on sloping, frozen ground, which accompanies the thawing of snow or the spring rains, and suggests that hay or sod will hold the surface soil on frozen land liable to erosion.

Under Wisconsin conditions, a good snow cover which has fallen early in the season "either prevents the soil from freezing or allows it to thaw earlier. That depends on how deep the snow is and how cold the air is."

Tests made at two points in the state showed that two feet of snow

gave the soil enough protection so that it did not freeze even when the temperature went down to 21 degrees below zero. At Madison, on the other hand, on fields where there was very little snow cover, the ground froze to a depth of three feet.

Save Soil with Contours

PROJECTS are under way on illustration farms at Pincher Creek, Nobleford and Drumheller in Alberta, to determine how systems of controlling soil erosion can be fitted into cropping systems. A. E. Barrett, associate chief, Division of Illustration Stations, Ottawa, suggests that elaborate systems are not necessary, and can generally be established with equipment already available on the farm.

At the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, experiments have already shown that contour cropping on land subject to water erosion, produces substantial increases in the yields of corn and oats. For example, the four-year average yield per acre of corn on the contour was 8.96 tons as compared with 6.97 tons up and down the slope. Oat yields were 43.4 bushels per acre in a four-year rotation on the contour, as compared with 36.8 bushels per acre in an identical rotation up and down the slope. Moreover, soil losses through five years averaged 6.9 tons per acre on the contour, while the loss was 11.9 tons per acre where corn was seeded on a ten per cent slope.

New Alberta Bulletins

TWO new Alberta bulletins are worth taking note of by Alberta farmers.

One of these bulletins is entitled "Cropping for Profit and Permanency," which may be obtained free of charge from the Department of Extension, University of Alberta, or from district agriculturists. It was prepared by Dr. A. G. McCalla, formerly professor of plant science at the University of Alberta and now dean of agriculture, and W. E. Bowser, soil specialist, Canada Department of Agriculture. It deals with recommended cropping practices and crop rotations for the various soil zones in Alberta, and the Alberta Department of Agriculture says of it, that "if the principles therein recommended are generally adopted we shall be well on our way toward a system of farming that will provide for both profit and permanency."

The second publication is entitled "Water Erosion in Alberta," prepared

by Dr. J. A. Toogood, and Dr. J. D. Newton, Department of Soils, University of Alberta. This bulletin is a fairly thorough treatment of the subject for Alberta farmers and reviews all of the practical and experimental experience so far attained. It too, is obtainable from the district agriculturist's office, or the University of Alberta, or from the Extension Service of the Alberta Department of Agriculture, Edmonton.

Grass Silage

DAIRY farmers in western Canada might well pay more attention to the merits of grass silage. There has been a tendency to omit silage from our calculations entirely, because we have not yet secured corn varieties really adapted to our conditions, especially in the prairie provinces.

Grass and alfalfa mixed, make excellent silage. It is used regularly in the northern states, across the boundary from the prairie provinces, and with better results in many cases than where corn is used. A North Dakota farmer, Walter Boye, of MacHenry County, put up 75 tons of alfalfa and grass silage in a trench silo because he was tired of losing good alfalfa as a result of rain when the crop was in the windrow stage. He had no trouble with freezing, and added no grain or preservative to the silage.

Another, Lloyd Bayman, of Steele County, said: "Alfalfa silage is some of the best feed I have ever had. Milk cows as well as young stock enjoy eating it. They leave no waste. It is practically as green in color as the day it was blown into the silo. The milk had no off-flavor. Milk production was higher than on corn silage."

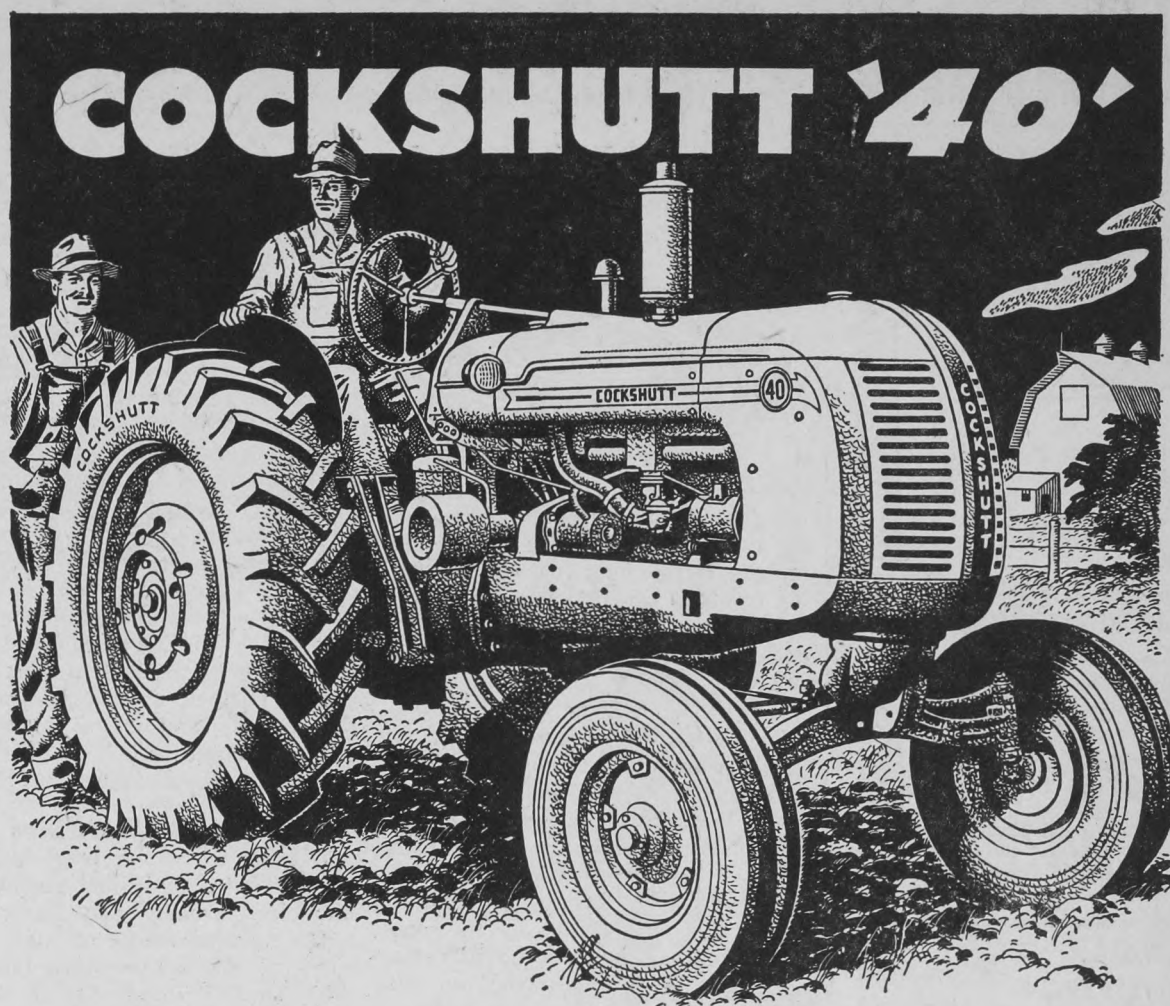
Trench silos are not new to the prairie provinces, but not nearly enough of them are in use. It is important that they be located in well-drained locations, and that the silage be well tramped down and packed all over, if spoilage is to be prevented.

Digging Postholes by Machine

AT the Oklahoma A & M Experimental Farm west of Oklahoma City, a series of tests has been conducted to test the saving in labor through the use of mechanical post-hole digging. The results proved conclusively that if there is enough work for it a posthole digger pays well.

The results of the tests indicated that it will normally take one man 75 hours, or nine and one-half days, to dig a mile of fenceposts, whereas the same job could be done with a post-hole digger in three and one-half to four hours. As a timesaver, the mechanical digger is many times ahead. The saving in dollars would depend on the amount of work to be done.

In the Oklahoma tests, digging along a side ditch, in uniform soil, where the tractor had to be backed in, 59 holes were dug in 42 minutes with the mechanical digger. On the level field, in tighter soil, 55 holes were dug in 28 minutes; and under average conditions of soil, 48 holes required 28 minutes. In another test, on uniform soil where the holes were dug against a wire fence, with a ditch near the fence, 41 holes were dug in 34 minutes. The overall totals resulted in the digging of 203 holes in 132 minutes.



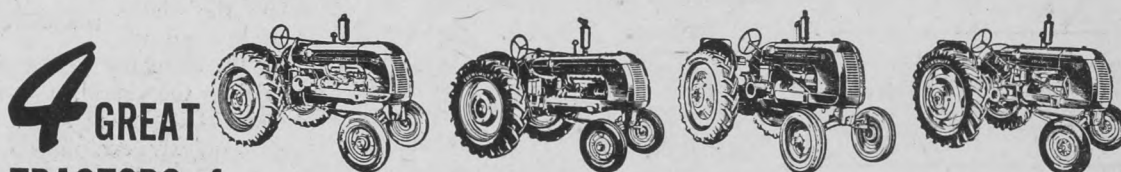
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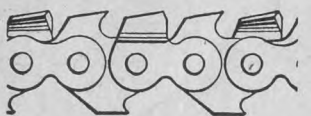
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for CHISEL TYPE CHAINS



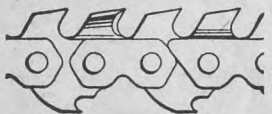
Use the Black Diamond Round Blunt Chain Saw File. Length, 8", with $\frac{1}{4}$ ", $\frac{5}{16}$ " and $\frac{3}{8}$ " cross sections. Also 6" length with $\frac{1}{32}$ " cross section.

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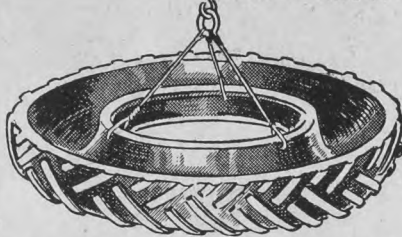
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Trough from Tire

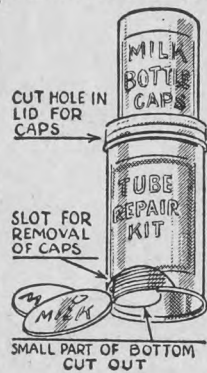
HALF OF OLD TRACTOR TIRE MAKES GOOD WATER TROUGH



You can make a fairly satisfactory trough quite easily from an old tractor tire casing, by splitting it in two, and hanging it from a rafter inside a building by three wires, joined at a center ring, and slipped over a hook on the end of a single wire to the rafter.—A.A.W.

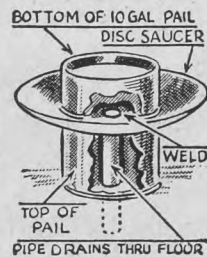
Cap Dispenser

I have found it very useful to keep some bottle caps available, and in order to keep them clean and still convenient, I bought a small inner tube repair kit, because the container was of tin and about the right size. I cut the top out enough to insert a roll of bottle caps. At the lower end of the side of the can I cut a hole large enough to allow the tops to feed out one at a time. I also cut a small hole in the bottom of the can so the index finger can be used to slide them out. I peened the edges over carefully to avoid cutting fingers and clamped the can to the wall in a convenient place, and since then the cap dispenser has always been available and clean.—D.A.



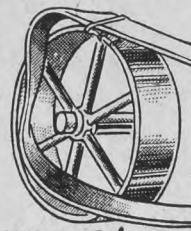
Poultry Watering Device

I have kept the bedding dry in my poultry house for 15 years by using this device for watering. I built it on the cup and saucer principle. First weld a one-inch pipe 13 to 18 inches long, over the hole on the bottom side of an old disk plow blade (24-inch). Next cut a 10-gallon paint pail in two, nine inches from the top. Drill a small hole, slightly larger than the one-inch pipe just under the outer edge of the droppings board. I put the top part of the cut pail over this hole, with the disk saucer and its welded pipe resting on the pail top. The extra pipe length goes through the hole in the floor. Then smooth the sharp cut edge of the bottom part of the pail with a file and it is then ready to hold water after being placed in the disk saucer. I keep the waterer under the edge of the high droppings board to keep the hens from flying into the pail. If they hop onto the saucer the dirt stays there, water from wattles and bills does not drop on the bedding, and when the water is changed the container is emptied into the saucer and the old water drains away through the pipe into the ground or drain under the building.—W.W.L.



Putting Belts On

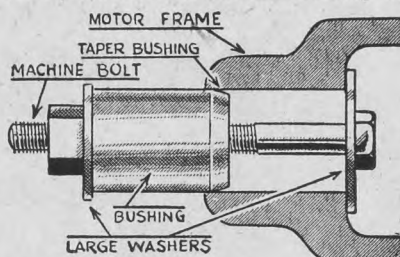
Putting belts on as shown in the sketch may be safe for the mechanic, but not for the belt. Tying the belt and then pulling it on by power or sheer force may leave a permanent stretch at or near the tied spot, which will prevent the belt from running straight afterwards. After once stretching beyond its elastic limit, it cannot be unstretched. A better way is to catch the edge of the belt, and then run it onto the pulley gradually. Still better, if possible, is to reduce the distance between the shaft centers while putting the belt on, and then putting the center distance back to normal. Don't try to put the belt on all at once, as shown in the diagram.—W.F.S.



WRONG!

Inserting Bushings

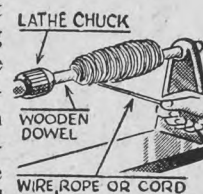
If small copper, or brass bushings are not kept in direct line when forced into place, damage may result. Distortion will follow the use of a hammer. The sketch shows that bushings can be inserted in the easiest way by



tapering the outside of the bushing slightly at the edge to be inserted, and then applying a few drops of oil. Then, by using the bolt, nut and large washers as shown in the illustration, the bushing can be drawn in undamaged, simply by tightening the nut on the outside.

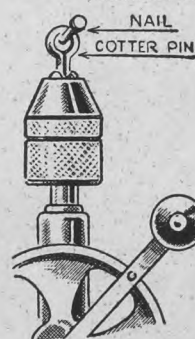
Lathe Serves as Winder

You can do a fast job of winding electrical wire, rope or cord by mounting a half-inch wood dowel between the lathe chuck and tail stock. By attaching one end of the material to the dowel, and operating the lathe at its lowest speed, winding is very quickly completed.—W.G.W.



Hand Drill Hook

A hand drill is one of the most awkward tools to store. This difficulty can be easily overcome, however, by inserting a large cotter pin in the chuck and tightening. The loop in the cotter pin will easily slip over the end of a finishing nail.—R.K.W.



Friction Spots

Save your children's crayon stubs for use on car door latches and other friction spots. The crayon will not run off or rub off on your clothing like oil will.—G.H.



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SEE PAGE 24

FARM YOUNG PEOPLE

The Loggerhead shrike shown is very like the Northern, though slightly smaller.



Something about Shrikes

Although smaller than a robin, the hard-boiled Northern shrike is an indefatigable mouser

AS boys on the farm in Saskatchewan my brothers and I always felt that the shrike was rather suspect. We were familiar with its characteristic habit of impaling its food on thorns or small branches; and supposed, erroneously, that a large part of this food consisted of small song-birds and seed eaters.

As is often the case there was some justification for our belief. There are two shrikes common to western Canada—the Loggerhead shrike and the Northern shrike. If you identify a bird on the prairies as a shrike it is almost certain to be the Loggerhead, and they are a consistently useful bird. The Northern shrike, which nests in the area from Great Slave Lake to Alaska, entering the settled regions only during the fall and winter, is slightly less circumspect in his behavior. The occasional seed eater perishes before the terrific onslaught of this tough little fighter, but its attacks on mice more than compensate for its unfortunate taste for the flesh of our songsters.

Their attack on mice is dramatically illustrated by R. D. Symons in the pages of *The Blue Jay*: "One year I had a heavy crop of frozen oats which I mowed for green feed and put into large bunches, since the weather and the imminence of winter prohibited stacking," recounts Mr. Symons. "After the snow came I began to haul this feed to the cattle, taking a load a day with team and sleigh. On opening up the first bunch I disclosed several vole (mice) nests from which the little animals crawled and immediately hid themselves under the forage, until such time as the removal of another forkful again exposed them, when they scampered in different directions and began to burrow into the surrounding snow. Presently a shadow on the snow caused me to look up and there was a Northern shrike hovering like a falcon, within a few feet of my head.

"Regardless of my energetic forking the little bird suddenly swooped, struck a vole a violent blow on the head which caused it to roll over as if paralyzed, and then again darted in, seized the vole by the scruff of the neck with its hook-like bill and flew off to a willow bluff some 200 yards distant. The typical bee-like flight of the shrike was greatly slowed down by the weight in its bill. Several times the bird was so dragged down as to appear to touch the snow, but with great effort and with difficulty keeping its head up and its tail down, the bird reached the willows. I could not see

what it did, but by the time I moved on to another bunch of hay the bird was back and repeated the performance.

"Sometimes a vole would show fight, standing on its hind end, small front paws placed on either side of its head, teeth showing, eyes snapping, and utter a shrill, provocative chatter. At such time the shrike would be very wary and hover for several minutes around its prey before closing in. Not once did I see a shrike put its feet to the snow when mousing.

"A few days later a second shrike entered the lists and from then on the two birds played shuttle back and forth between my sleigh and the willows. Promptly every morning at eight as I pulled out of the yard the two birds met me at the edge of the field and as I finished loading they disappeared. This went on from about December 2 until February 5, by which time all of the field had been cleared.

"Later I went to the willow bluff and found literally hundreds of voles skewered on the moose-browed willow branches. The sharp point of the branch was, in all cases, inserted at the side of the throat at the base of the jaws. A sharp tug by the bird causes the twig to pierce the skin. The head is then drawn down by the bird's foot until the twig projects through the vole's mouth—in the manner of stringing up fish."

Doing Well in England

TWO of Canada's young farmers who are studying British farming methods are finding their time well spent. Orrin Hart, Claresholm, Alta., and John McLean, Eureka, Nova Scotia, went to England this spring under Nuffield Foundation scholarships. They have been located on large farms in Surrey, England, and, according to word received by the Canadian Federation of Agriculture, under whose sponsorship the Nuffield plan is operated in Canada, they are doing well.

Orrin Hart of Claresholm, writes: "I am now placed on my initial farm with one of Surrey's most progressive farmers. They treat me like a king. I am now working with Angus cattle, commercial sheep and potatoes. The efficiency in the utilization of small holdings is something to be marvelled at. . . . Next week we are scheduled to meet and speak to the Surrey County National Farmers' Union meeting."



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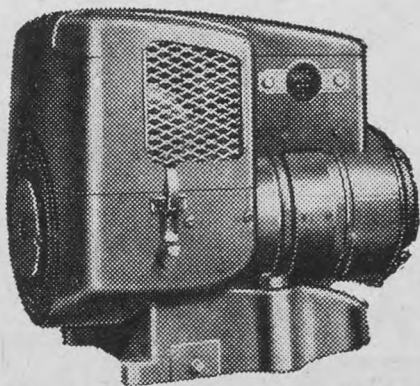


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[Ewing photo.]
These pears were trained on the wall of the fruit house at the Dominion Experimental Station, Saanichton, B.C.

Strawberry Yield

SOMETIMES the strawberry season is pretty short. The berries seem to dry up and the size of the fruit decreases very quickly after the first few pickings. The reason is to be found in the demand of the strawberry plant for air, food and moisture.

Strawberries will grow fairly well in almost any good soil, but they are fairly heavy feeders and require plenty of both plant nutrients and moisture. Consequently, a soil that is well supplied with organic material and can hold more moisture, will tend to provide a longer picking season. Fertilizer alone without moisture will not produce satisfactory results under dry farming conditions. A recent trial at the Saanichton Experimental Station on Vancouver Island demonstrated this point. A heavy application of a mixed 8-10-5 fertilizer was applied to different plots at different seasons of the year, on soil which had relatively low fertility. The results were quite unsatisfactory, but would probably have been quite different had water been applied by irrigation.

It is not always possible to water the farm garden, but water is being made available to more gardens every year, either from dugouts or small irrigation systems. Strawberry plants should not be allowed to become too crowded, and in dry areas where the best of watering conditions do not exist, spacing becomes even more important, so that the moisture that is available will do the most good.

I Wanted a Durable Lawn

I HAD wanted a big, green lawn for years. Faced with Saskatchewan's dry conditions, a limited income, and no practical means of watering artificially, I decided to alter my plans to fit my situation.

First, I had to find a type of grass that would thrive in spite of dry conditions. Second, I wanted a grass which was sturdy enough to stand the wear and tear from the children's feet. Third, I wanted a lawn that I wouldn't have to coddle, and fourth, it had to be inexpensive.

Crested wheat grass fulfilled all these requirements. It isn't expensive, doesn't require much moisture, survives under rough usage, and after the first year (when I seemed to be constantly weeding it) it needs no attention except cutting now and then. In order to avoid some of the weeding that first year, I planted white

HORTI- CULTURE

Dutch clover in some of the larger spaces. These are attractive little plants, and the children spent hours searching for four-leaf clovers among them. These spots were seeded with crested wheat grass again in the spring, as the clover only grew the first year.

Crested wheat grass is earlier in the spring than most grass, which is another advantage. Altogether, it is a most satisfactory playground lawn, and when that border of tiny lilacs grows up around it, it will be a very pretty lawn, as well.—Mrs. Violet M. Schempp.

North Dakota Tree Planting

MORE than 3,300 farms in North Dakota will use about 5.5 million trees for planting windbreaks, field shelterbelts, live snow fences, and wild life planting this year. This is the estimate of the North Dakota Extension Service Forester, John J. Zaylaskie. Evergreens said to be in short supply this spring will include, Colorado blue spruce, Black Hills spruce, Badland red cedar, Eastern red cedar and Ponderosa pine

Know Your Shrubs

by DR. R. J. HILTON,
University of Alberta

Canadian Native Plum

ONE of the most satisfactory and least used of small ornamental trees or shrubs is the Canadian Native Plum—often called the Manitoba Native Plum. Whether or not the botanists ever decide to agree as to the relationship between *Prunus americana* and *P. nigra* (providing they are not identical) is not a matter of consequence to the average homeowner. When he sees a small, rather spiky, often spreading tree or shrub that will withstand the worst prairie winters and offer a charming white bouquet of bloom in late May, he is not apt to worry about botanical arguments, but merely wants to know where he can get a similar specimen. Fortunately, either seedlings or named varieties are available from all the leading general nursery firms in the prairie provinces.

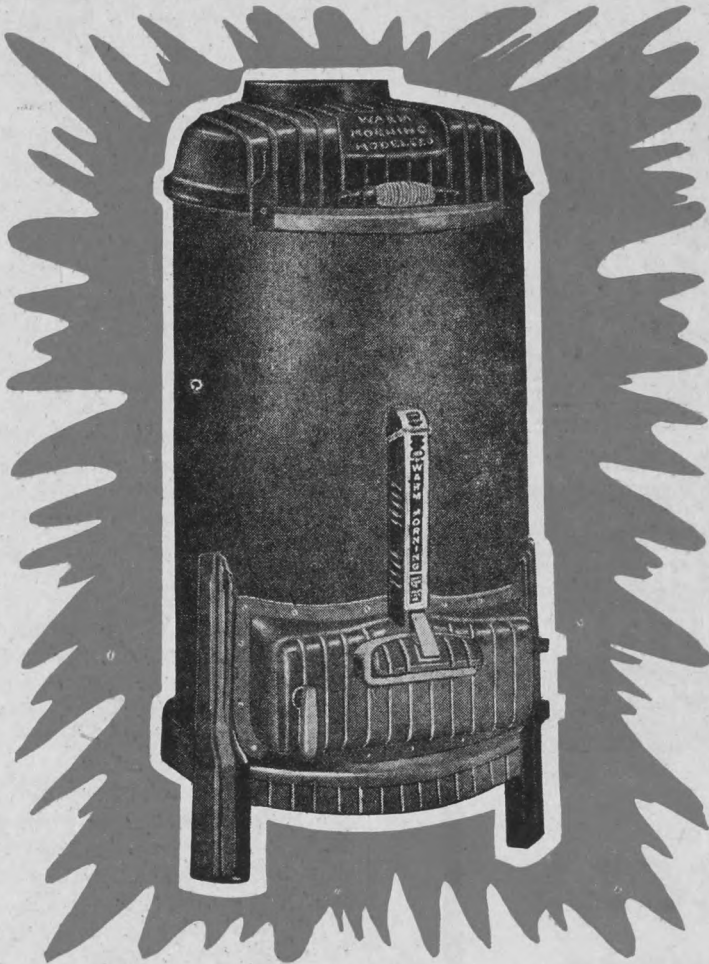
The species (*P. nigra*) is variable as to plant habit. It may branch at or near the ground to make a bush-like plant, or may form a perfect small (10-foot) tree with a top spread that varies from very spreading to quite upright (12 to 15 feet). In any case, the plants invariably give attractive bloom, are subject to very few insect or disease pests, will grow well on a wide range of soils from light to very heavy, and barring lack of pollination or a severe late spring frost, they will present you with an additional bouquet in the autumn when they are full of attractive red-and-yellow fruit.

Valley River is one of the best for purely ornamental use, while Assiniboine, Norther, Bounty and Dandy will give useful fruit as well as attractive trees.

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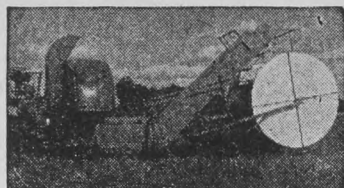


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MONTHLY

Transportation Congestion

Ocean vessels have had to lie idle both at Vancouver and at Montreal, at various times during the past two months, awaiting cargoes of wheat which could not be supplied to them on account of various transportation difficulties. At the same time producers at various points in the prairie provinces have found themselves unable to deliver grain on account of local elevators being congested with grain which could not be shipped forward to terminal elevators.

Some producers found themselves unable to dispose of the crop of 1950 before July 31, 1951. That meant, in the case of wheat, having to accept an initial payment 20 cents per bushel lower than might otherwise have been obtained, on account of the changing basis for the new crop year. It also meant the probability of an additional year's delay in receiving final settlement for their grain. Such difficulties were serious enough for the individual farmers concerned but in total extent they were small in relation to those which might develop during the new crop year, if the size of the harvest should correspond with its possibilities, and if no improvement in transportation should take place.

In so far as concerns Alberta the problem is one of rail transportation. In respect of Manitoba and Saskatchewan the difficulty is not at all in connection with the railways but is a matter of inadequate lake transportation facilities.

Over-all the difficulty lies in the fact that economic activity in Canada as a whole is so great as to tax transportation facilities and to offer these business in excess of their capacity to handle it.

The railways, with their motive power and boxcars in demand for other business were not able to haul grain from Alberta elevators to Vancouver at a sufficient rate to keep pace with the demand for shipments from that port. That meant some loss of export sales which otherwise could have been made by the Canadian Wheat Board. It threatened also to leave large quantities of old-crop grain still in country elevators to an extent that would interfere with the delivery of new crop grain at harvest time. A further difficulty was experienced in southern Alberta where there were large quantities of Red Bobs wheat still in country elevators and in the hands of farmers. Much of it was eligible to be graded No. 1 or No. 2 Northern under the grading regulations in effect for the past crop year. Under new grading regulations, announced to become effective as of August 1, such wheat could not be graded higher than No. 3 Northern. To overcome the injustice that threatened to develop it became necessary for the Board of Grain Commissioners to announce some extension of time during which the old grading would still be effective.

In contrast with the Alberta situation the railways proved equal to the task imposed on them of moving grain to the Lakehead, mainly from the provinces of Manitoba and Saskatchewan. A few months ago there had been a great deal of concern about the slowness of rail movement to the

Lakehead; that threatened grave danger of spoilage to considerable quantities of tough and damp grain which needed to be got into terminal elevators as rapidly as possible if it was not to lose condition. Faced with that challenge the railways increased east-bound shipment of grain to such an extent that before long they were delivering it at the Lakehead more rapidly than it could be unloaded into terminal elevators there.

The terminal elevators were faced with a double problem. In the first place they could not fill their storage bins to full rated capacity. A multitude of different grades had to be accommodated, so that frequently bins could be only partially filled. In addition, the handling of grain was slowed down by the fact that great quantities had to be dried, thus tying up elevating equipment to an unusual extent. In the second place the terminal elevators could not ship grain forward as fast as they wished to do because lake vessels were lacking in sufficient number either to clear the grain or to provide the quantities in demand in the East for export shipment.

Steel or Wheat

The owners of lake vessels under United States registration showed none of their usual interest in hauling Canadian grain. They could get more remunerative traffic between their home ports. Nor were the usual number of Canadian vessels available. Some of them have been tempted into the ore carrying trade of the United States from Duluth to lower lake ports. A relaxation of the American coastal regulations relating to lake shipping enables Canadian vessels to participate in this business. Other Canadian vessels were attracted to the carrying of ore from Port Arthur down the lakes, while pulp and paper and other forms of merchandise also provided cargoes which interfered with the transport of grain. For the most part lake freight rates are quite uncontrolled except by competition. There is an exception, however, in respect of rates for carrying grain between two Canadian ports, and these are under the control of the Board of Grain Commissioners for Canada. Early this season that Board found it necessary to grant substantial increases in grain rates; otherwise there would have been no hope whatever of securing enough vessels for the grain trade. Other traffic, however, outbid these maximum rates for the services of lake carriers, to such an extent as to create a grave peril to the movement of grain. Then, under some pressure from the government, the lake carriers began to provide more space for grain.

Presumably the government at Ottawa, either by appointment of a transport controller or otherwise, might be able to compel the lake carriers to handle grain in preference to other commodities. But to raise that question is also to raise others of high national policy.

Steel is very scarce at present in North America and the governments of both Canada and the United States are making every possible effort to increase supplies, in order that the rearmament program may not suffer. Thus when lake vessels carry ore in-



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COMMENTARY

stead of wheat more is involved than simply the question of getting the highest possible earnings from the boats. The government might be very reluctant to impede the steel program by any avoidable diversion of lake carriers from the ore trade. Similarly a conflict of national interests develops as soon as there is a question of diverting boats from the pulp and paper business. That business is flourishing greatly at the present time under the impetus of high prices. Paper goes mainly to the United States, where it earns American dollars. These are considered to be highly important in maintaining Canada's international exchange position. It cannot be taken for granted that the lake carriage of grain would for any very long period be given a substantial preference in the allocation of lake tonnage.

Lake Grain Rates Under Regulation

The answer to the problem is not easy to arrive at. It does not lie entirely in the regulation of rates for carrying grain, or even if these are increased by the Board of Grain Commissioners, there is nothing to prevent other traffic from bidding more attractive rates. When the regulation of lake grain rates was first introduced, and jurisdiction was given to the Board of Grain Commissioners for Canada, it was generally assumed that such regulation was in the interests of western grain producers, and that they would benefit from keeping lake rates reasonably low. However, under present conditions it must be admitted that the regulation of lake grain rates benefits the purchaser abroad more than it does the western grain producers. Under the International Wheat Agreement wheat prices are established on the basis of delivery in store at Lakehead terminals. Subsequent costs accruing at and east of the Lakehead are borne by the buyers. At the present time the business of lake transportation would seem to be sufficiently profitable to attract capital to the building of new boats. To some limited extent that has actually happened, but the progress of expansion is slow. Nor would it be easy to speed it up to any great extent even if investors were willing to provide capital for more boats. The scarcity of steel is in the way of expansion. There is a good deal of idle ocean tonnage in the world at present and it might be expected that some of this would be attracted to the Great Lakes. Unfortunately, however, that is not likely to occur; a vessel equipped for long sea voyages is not well adapted to commercial transportation on the Great Lakes. A special form of carrier has been developed there suitable for handling large cargoes at a minimum of expense, and also suitable for handling through the various locks on the Great Lakes Waterway, for which the regular ocean vessel is not well adapted.

The whole problem is likely to give continuing concern throughout the remainder of the present season of navigation and also during 1952. Something must be done to lessen it if Canada is to continue to supply world needs for grain and if facilities are to be afforded Western farmers for disposing of the harvest of 1951. On the other hand it must be admitted

that the state of international tension which results in the present demand for steel is likely to continue and it will not be easy to establish priority of movement for grain over iron ore.

Wheat Sales to Great Britain

Announcement has been made at Ottawa by Rt. Hon. C. D. Howe, Minister of Trade and Commerce, of a wheat contract just concluded between the Governments of Canada and of the United Kingdom within the scope of the International Wheat Agreement. The sale, to cover grain of the 1951 crop, includes 95 million bushels of wheat and 350,000 tons of flour equivalent to another 18 million bushels of wheat. In addition, the United Kingdom is to buy a further nine million bushels of Class II wheat, outside of the International Agreement, if it is found in September that Canada has that quantity to spare.

The price for the quantities covered by the International Wheat Agreement is to be the current maximum price, based on \$1.90½ per bushel in Canadian funds, plus the six cents carrying charge.

The United Kingdom and various other wheat importing countries, in spite of the need for supplies, were somewhat hesitant during the past few months about committing themselves to purchases during the new crop year. They seemed to entertain the hope that large production in both Canada and the United States might bring about some decline in prices from the maximum established under the International Wheat Agreement. More recently other countries, and presumably now the United Kingdom, have come to believe that such a recession is not likely in the near future and have been showing a greater willingness to do business. Agreement on the maximum price is the most satisfactory feature of the deal.

The carrying charge item is subject to an appeal against its imposition which the United Kingdom is taking to the International Wheat Council. The International Wheat Agreement contains a clause providing for the addition of carrying charges, to cover storage and interest, to be added to the prices specified in the Agreement. During the early years of the wheat contract between Canada and the United Kingdom a carrying charge of 3½ cents per bushel was added to the price of all wheat sold under the contract. Later, under the International Wheat Agreement, the carrying charge was advanced first to five cents per bushel and then to six cents per bushel. At the beginning of the past crop year when a large sale was negotiated between Canada and the United Kingdom, the carrying charge was dropped. Apparently at that time both countries saw a possibility of lower wheat prices, and elimination of the carrying charge represented a concession in that respect. Later it became evident that there had been no need of such a concession, but by that time so much Canadian wheat had been sold in advance that it was impracticable to renew the carrying charge until after July 31 of this year.

Recently the government at Ottawa announced that the carrying charge was to be reimposed, but not until after July 31.

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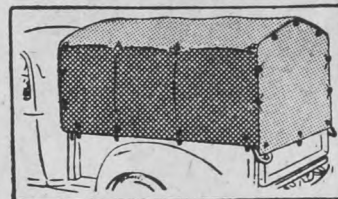


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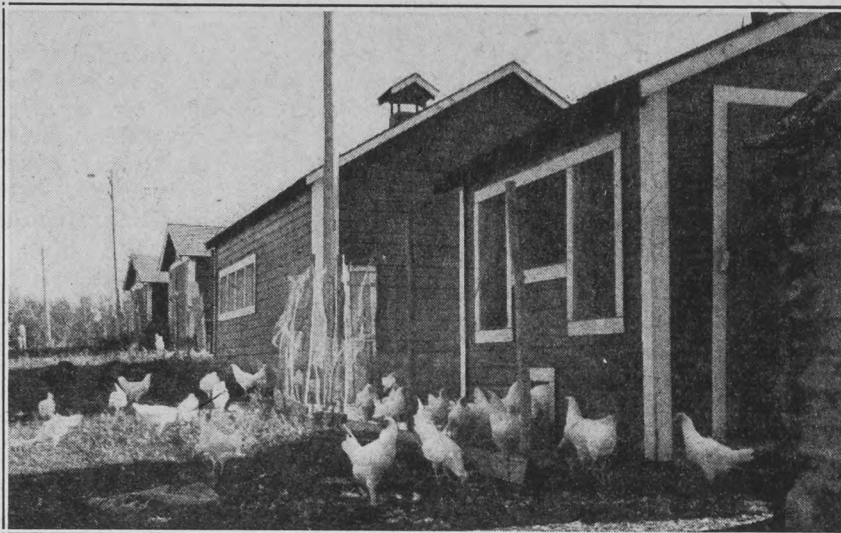
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POULTRY



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Fatten Them Up

THERE is generally a good demand for high quality poultry meat, and frequently it will fetch some premium on the market. Three weeks in the fattening pen does wonders for cockerels which have spent the summer on the range. This feeding gives the birds an improved finish and qualifies them for a higher market grade. Also the rate of gain in body weight is more rapid, and less feed is consumed per pound of gain than when birds are fed whole grain and dry mash and allowed unlimited exercise.

All cockerels that are going to be marketed are pen fattened for two or three weeks at the Dominion Experimental Farm at Brandon, Manitoba. The mash ration that has been found to be most satisfactory is a mixture of 25 pounds of wheat, 25 pounds of oats, 50 pounds of barley, five pounds of meat meal and one-half pound of salt. Best results are achieved when the mash is fed twice daily in the form of freshly mixed, firm batter. Water can be used in mixing the batter. If, however, skim milk or buttermilk is available the amount of meat meal in the mash can be reduced, and costs cut to some extent in this way. It has been found at Brandon that a three-week fattening period is usually sufficient to put the birds in good shape.

Feeding Insoluble Grit

POULTRYMEN often use the term "grit" rather loosely, using it to designate both soluble and insoluble grits. The former are calcium-bearing materials, such as calcitic limestone and oyster shells, primarily fed for the calcium they contain, and used by the bird in bone and egg shell formation. The latter, as the term implies, do not dissolve in water, and include silica and granite, fed because of the apparent need of the birds for some hard material in their gizzards for grinding feed.

There is some doubt as to the necessity of feeding insoluble grit to poultry. It is generally agreed that excessive grit may be harmful to young chickens, especially if the particles are sharp or very fine. It has been demonstrated that birds can live without the gizzard, though they digest coarsely ground rations very badly. The feeding of grit is general, and little or no trouble is encountered if care is exercised in the feeding of grit to very young birds. The need for grit appears to be more urgent where birds range on

grass, and there is a danger of impaction from the grass eaten.

Most poultrymen agree that the feeding of insoluble grit to poultry is beneficial. If a grinding material is required, then the hardest and least soluble kind available should be the best. Limestone, oyster shell and the like are primarily calcium supplements, although they will also serve as a grinding material. The so-called limestone grits are supposed to perform this dual role. However, it is pointed out by T. M. MacIntyre, Research Officer, Federal Experimental Farm, Nappan, N.S., that such materials should be used with caution, particularly with growing stock that are receiving a balanced ration. The addition of a soluble grit to such a ration may result in an excessive intake of calcium.

Keel Bursae of Poultry

BREAST blisters (more correctly called keel bursae) are cyst-like blemishes over the crest of the keel of poultry. They are responsible for the degrading of a high proportion of otherwise excellent market carcasses, says S. Bird, Poultry Division, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa.

When a deep-keeled bird is roosting, the crest of its keel will ride against the roost. Constant rubbing under pressure finally produces a bursa, usually appearing after the bird has attained a weight of about two and one-half pounds. Bursae are in full bloom when the birds are between 10 and 20 weeks of age. After this age the birds attain a greater fullness of breast musculing, the keel no longer rests on the roost, and the blisters subside, so that in mature birds normally only the scar tissue remains. Females are rounder in breast conformation than males, and are rarely afflicted with this ailment.

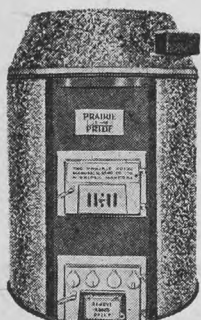
Males that are deep enough to ride on their keel at an early age, when the keel is still cartilaginous in nature, may acquire a crooked keel rather than blisters. For marketing purposes one is almost as bad as the other.

Both problems can be avoided by selecting strains of birds with smaller body depth relative to their size. Such birds have rounder breasts, and so are less subject to blistering. In the meantime it is considered advisable to substitute flat boards for the usual narrow roosts, as this may somewhat alleviate the effect of the deep keels.

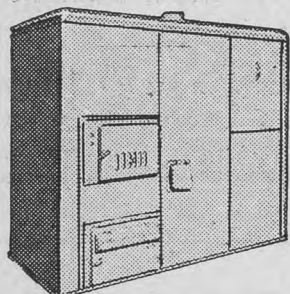
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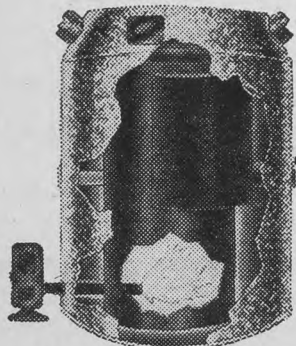
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Grassland Farming

Continued from page 7

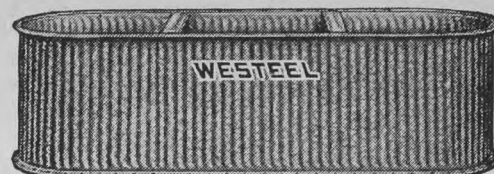
permanent Kentucky blue-grass pasture, in the same experiment. That is equivalent to about 110 bushels of corn per acre. In Wisconsin, renovation of unproductive blue-grass pastures resulted in increased yields of 2½ to three times that of the unrenovated pasture, and in Iowa, with an average annual cost of \$5 per acre for renovation, beef yields were increased from 97 to 213 pounds of beef per acre. Down in the South, where the potentialities for increased production of grasslands are greater than in any other area of the United States, even more striking results have been obtained. At Experiment, Georgia, with an average annual cost of \$4.18 per acre for fertilizer and lime, the production of permanent pasture was increased from 183 pounds of beef to 540 pounds, an increase of 357 pounds of beef per acre, as a result of an average investment of \$4.18.

At Tifton, Georgia, 569 pounds of beef per acre, plus 2,500 pounds of high-quality hay, have been produced on well fertilized Coastal Bermuda grass pasture. In Tennessee, irrigation of an improved pasture during a dry year resulted in 67 per cent more cow days, 90 per cent more milk, and 130 per cent greater returns above feed and irrigation costs than the non-irrigated pasture. And in Utah, on irrigated land, improved mixtures of grasses and legumes have produced 5,200 pounds of total digestible nutrients per acre, the equivalent of 117 bushels of corn.

TAKING all of these possibilities of increases in productivity into consideration, I have estimated that if all of the grasslands east of the 97th meridian in the United States were improved to the extent possible with the information available today, and if an additional 70 million acres of abandoned, idle, submarginal cropland in the South were converted to improved grasslands, we could carry 97 million additional animal units in this area, or 50 per cent more than we are now carrying in the entire United States. Converted to beef, this would be an additional annual production of ten to 15 million tons compared with the present total production of five million tons.

Another point that is frequently overlooked is the fact that grasses and legumes on much of the crop lands of the United States will produce more total digestible nutrients per acre than will corn or the other feed grains, at lower cost, and with greater returns per man-hour of labor. I have already cited yields from grasslands equivalent to 100 to 117 bushels of corn per acre, on land where corn would not be a profitable crop.

In an experiment in North Carolina it was found that 100 pounds of total digestible nutrients from improved pasture cost 58 cents. From alfalfa hay, it cost \$1.35, from corn \$1.77, and from oats \$2.07. Or, if you do not believe that those results are applicable, we could cite data from the Bureau of Dairy Industry Station at Huntley, Montana, where almost identical relative costs were obtained. In the North Carolina experiments, it was calculated that the return per man-hour of labor was \$23.09 per



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acre of pasture, \$5.81 for wheat, \$3.69 for corn, \$2.79 for oats.

Again I repeat, even on productive cropland throughout much of the United States, improved grasslands will produce more total digestible nutrients, at less cost, and with greater return per man-hour of labor than can corn and the other feed grains.

The final point regarding the importance of grasslands is that improved grasslands are required in crop rotation for sustained maximum production of other crops in that rotation. No other cropping system has yet been devised for American agriculture, that will maintain the organic matter of the soil, except rotations that involve adequate quantities of grasses and legumes. There are areas in some of our most productive agricultural areas where 50 per cent of the original organic matter of the soil has already been lost. As organic matter is lost, soil structure deteriorates, tillage difficulties increase, crop yields decline, and erosion hazards are accentuated.

I should like to cite one example of an experiment carried out in Ohio. Here, the yield of corn from continued cropping of corn was 39 bushels per acre. The yield on a corn-wheat rotation was 53 bushels of corn per acre, and a yield of corn in a five-year rotation of corn-corn-wheat-alfalfa-alfalfa was 68 bushels. The total digestible nutrient produced per acre per year was 1,945 pounds for continuous corn, 1,970 for the corn-wheat rotation, and 3,140 for the rotation involving two years of corn, one year of wheat, and two years of alfalfa. The results were even more striking when one considers the yield of protein per acre. Here, the continuous corn produced an average yield of 156 pounds of protein. Corn-wheat rotation produced an average of 193

pounds of protein, and the five-year rotation with two years of corn, one of wheat and two of alfalfa, produced 500 pounds.

So far, we have been discussing grasslands and the approach to a grassland agriculture in the United States. Perhaps it would be well for us to summarize what we mean by grassland agriculture. Due to the importance of grasses and legumes in a balanced and permanent agriculture, grassland farming has become a catch phrase used by many, and unfortunately abused by many. To a large segment of our population the term "grassland farming" brings to mind a picture of universal grasslands, of abandonment of cultivated crops. This is an erroneous idea.

To me, grassland farming does not mean abandoning all cultivated crops. It does not mean seeding down to grasses and legumes all the agricultural land of the United States. To me, grassland farming is a system based on adequate and intelligent usage of grasses and legumes in the rotation, in which the grasslands are an integral part of the cropping system. Some areas, unsuited for cultivation, are converted to permanent grasslands, and other areas are placed in crop rotations with sufficient proportions of grasslands to protect the soil and to provide profitable and sustained production of the cultivated crops. In fact, in grassland farming, pasture, hay and grass silage are cultivated crops, receiving and warranting as much care as is lavished on what are now commonly called cultivated crops.

(NOTE: Dr. W. M. Myers is director of field crops research, Bureau of Plant Industry, Soils and Agricultural Engineering, U.S.D.A., Washington.—Ed.)

Not To Forget

Continued from page 11

Whitehouse were jockeying the tractors under the shed.

"How did it go?" he asked.

"Hard," Arch told him. "Wet. Bog holes all over. But we're getting her plowed, Johnny."

"Come in and have a bowl of tea," Johnny invited.

Arch shook his head. "Not me. The old woman's expectin' me. It's bean night, and the way she cooks those kidneys—"

There was no need asking young Whitehouse. He'd been married three months.

That was how it was since Polly had died, with nothing that didn't lead, somehow, back to her.

THE weather broke fine, at last, and he would have his potatoes in by the tenth of May, which was good, considering. Still, a restlessness was on him, and he could not work it off. He sat, in the evenings, puzzled and dissatisfied with himself, with no liking for talk, or reading, or radio. He knew his rightful work was here, and his heart was here, and that the food he grew counted more than he did as an individual, that he would be shirking it to leave this place.

The first Saturday in May, after working late, he drove to the Hill place for the baking. As he drove into the yard, with spring dusk definitely settled, he saw the house in darkness. There was a glow from the door of

the cowshed, where Polly's father would be milking, late, too, and he was heading for there when Kathie's voice called, "Johnny!" from the porch.

She was lying on the hammock, and moved to make room for him. In the dark, her face, a white oval, brought the memory of long-ago kisses and warm summer nights.

Her voice was not Polly's; there was a laughter in it where Polly's had had cadence of a singing brook.

"I've been waiting for you, Johnny," she said. "The bread's ready. I've not even got the supper dishes done; it seemed so nice out here and the sound of the peeps—It's a good time of year."

Down at the depot, a locomotive whistled the crossing, sounding lonely and sad, and after that the distant sound of a long freight became part of the night noises.

I ought to take her in town some night, Johnny thought, to a movie, and to Hannon's for ice cream, after. There's not much fun for her, stuck here, year round.

Then, he thought of the people who would see them, who would remember the loveliness of Polly, and her dying, and would look on it as a betrayal of her memory.

Another train called in the dark, its swift, imperious sound making a hole in the stillness.

"I ought to get out of this town," he said, getting up. "Sometimes, I feel like I can't stand it a minute longer."

"Johnny," she said, "you can't do that. The land needs you, and—well,

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the country needs you. We all do."
"Ah," he said, "I was just talking, I guess. Only—only—" He stepped out into the yard.

Kathie went in the house, came outside with the box that held the bread and gave it to him.

"Here you are, Johnny. Good night." She placed her hands on his chest, then drew his face down and kissed him.

"I shouldn't have done it," he said, aloud, on his way home, not admitting he had nothing to do with it.

He placed the box on the kitchen table, stepped back outside. A waning moon had come up, and he crossed the rising field to where the Marin family plot stood in the pines. He leaned on a granite corner post and considered Polly's marble stone. Not to forget—

The familiar smell of his own tobacco came to him, and he saw a pipe's red coal on the opposite side.

"Brooks?" he asked, irritated and disturbed.

"That's right, Johnny boy." Old Brooks came around and leaned against the rail beside him.



"Ah-A-A-A-A-A."

"A fine night, Johnny. I was settin' on the stoop, restin' after the day, and I thought: I'll pay a quiet visit. So up I come, never thinkin' you'd be comin', too." The red glow made an arc. "Polly lies there. A grand girl she was, Johnny. The mold was broken after she was made. You were a lucky one, boy."

"I know," Johnny said, curtly.

"But now she's dead and gone," Brooks went on, maudlingly. "She rests beneath that stone, but there's no one for miles around doesn't remember her. I know what the gravestone says, Johnny. 'Gone, but not forgotten.'" Now, he paused, and knocked the dead dottle from his pipe. "Doesn't it seem to you, sometimes, boy, that everybody is trying to make you read it as though it says, 'Gone, and don't you forget her?'"

BEFORE Johnny could give voice to his anger, the old man had turned and was moving down the slope toward the house. Then Marin's anger faded, and his slow footsteps after marked his weariness.

In the kitchen, Brooks had unpacked the bread and he grinned as Johnny came in. He held up a plate.

"Pie, by gorry! A half a blueberry pie! And good, too, I bet, if they are from last July's canning." He halved it, slid the two wedges onto saucers. "If I know old man Hill's appetite, he ate all we didn't get, at supper. Sit, boy."

Johnny sat, mechanically, and, as mechanically, ate. It was good, but after a bite or two, he pushed the plate from him.

"What you said up there, Albert," he said, "maybe you're right about.

About not forgetting. But it's not the things that folks know that make them feel the way they do; it's the things they think they know that aren't really so."

Brooks digested this with the pie he was eating, and grunted agreement.

"Polly was all they say she was," Johnny went on, "and more. I didn't think, from the time we married, that I could be any happier. But when she told me she was expecting—expecting a baby—well, I was. I made sure she took good care of herself, took her to Doc McCray and all that, and she went to making things for it. Well, you've heard all about it, often enough, I guess. She should never have taken the risk of having one. The baby was due in a matter of two or three weeks, and—"

The old, unbearable pain came back to Johnny Marin, and remembrance of a cold, grey March sky, and earth clumping on wood. And a world looking for spring, for a spring that Polly would never see, and that he would never feel.

"Of course, Doc McCray had warned her. But she told him how I wanted it, and she was willing to chance it. She kind of—well, gloried in doing it for me. The womenfolks around knew, of course, and they thought it was pretty wonderful of her. It was, too. Polly was wonderful.

Brooks, finishing the piecrust, said, "Any woman's wonderful to a man if she loves him. Only a lot of 'em don't bother to."

"They made it pretty clear to me what a sacrifice she'd made. And the least I could do was—well, keep her memory sacred, so to speak."

"We—ll—" began Brooks.

Johnny leaned across the table to him and his fist was white-knuckled as he pounded it gently.

"Don't you see, you old fool? The women of five towns knew she shouldn't have borne a child. Everybody knew it. They're keeping me married to a memory because she told everybody she was risking it for me. But—she never told me because she knew I wouldn't have let her!"

Old Brooks had scooped the last of the blue syrup from his plate and gazed at Johnny's half-eaten pie.

"Awful good pie," he said.

Why, Johnny thought, did I bust open my heart to show the inside of it to this callous old fool?

"Yessir," said Brooks, filling his pipe. "It reminds me of one time when I was a young feller. Jim Dale, he's dead now, I was workin' for him, he thought he'd drive a bunch of cattle down to the Boston market instead of waitin' for a drover to come by. Figured he'd make that much more money, and he did, too.

"It was quite a thing for a young feller to get to Boston, in those days. We made it in three days, puttin' up at farms along the way. We hit the market about noon, and Jim dickered and dickered with a buyer. I was standin' by, and the buyer, I s'pose, he figured I was Jim's son, noticed me. He flipped a half dollar over. 'Here, boy,' he says, 'you go get yourself some dinner,' and he pointed me a place kitty-cornered to where we stood.

"Place called the New England House, I s'pose it's still there, and I went in and got the thirty-five-cent dinner. And blueberry pie come with it, Johnny."

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Notice of Dividend No. 41

United Grain Growers Limited

Class "A" Shares

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Directors has declared a dividend at the rate of 5% on the paid-up par value of Class "A" (Preferred) Shares (par value \$20.00 each).

This dividend will be paid on or about September 1st, 1951, to holders of such shares of record at the close of business on Saturday, July 21st, 1951.

By Order of the Board.

D. G. MILLER,
Secretary.

July 10th, 1951.
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

United Grain Growers Limited

NOTICE

In accordance with the Income Tax Act, this will advise our customers, (including both members and non-members), as referred to in the said Act, that in accordance with the terms and conditions, and within the times and limitations contained in the said Act, it is our intention to pay a dividend in proportion to the 1951-52 patronage out of the revenues of the 1951-52 taxation year, or out of such other funds as may be permitted by the said Act; and we hereby hold out the prospect of the payment of a patronage dividend to you accordingly.

The foregoing notice applies to grain delivered to this Company between August 1st, 1951 and July 31st, 1952.

UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LIMITED.

D. G. MILLER,
Secretary.

Winnipeg, Manitoba.



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LOOKING at the old man, Johnny saw a shy boy of 50 years ago, with road dust on him, eating his first hotel meal.

"Johnny," Brooks went on, "whether I was extra hungry, or whether they had the best cook I ever ate off, I couldn't say, but that meal was prime, and the blueberry pie was the best piece of pie I ever had." He looked at his empty plate, and added, "Bar none!"

"I wanted another piece; I could have afforded another piece; I should have had another piece! But I was scared. Of what? Why, I was scared of all the other people in the dining room. I guess I must have thought they'd all get up in a body, point their fingers at me, and shout, 'Albert Brooks wants a second piece of pie!'"

He sighed and shook his head. "Johnny, I never enjoy lookin' back on that trip to Boston. It was all spoiled for me—spoiled by the second piece of pie I didn't get."

Beelby's Decision

Continued from page 10

of my going on studying? I feel like quitting. I'm going to be a farmer . . . It's just more and more expense me going on with lessons . . . I could get a job in the winters . . . go to work."

Marion jumped up from the big, cretonne-covered armchair, the grey sock she was darned slipping from her fingers. "Oh! Money! Expense! What's that got to do with it? We're happy, aren't we? We get along. The crop is all in and this year looks good so far. Pete, you worry me when you talk about not studying. I promised your father . . ." Suddenly she ran from the livingroom, leaving Pete and Mr. Beelby staring at each other.

"Guess Mom's upset." Pete reached half-heartedly for his notebook. "Gosh, she sounded off, didn't she? You know, I don't think she likes you going away."

Tom Beelby looked hungrily around the cosy room. It would be something to remember during the miserable weeks in Lyndon.

"I'll be home weekends," he said staunchly.

"You'd better," said Pete, "at least that should keep old Kindersley in order . . ."

Kindersley! Tom Beelby had almost forgotten his enemy, whose farm adjoined the Winston place. He hoped fervently that the bully, George Kindersley, would keep away, and not bother Marion Winston and the boys while Tom was working in Lyndon.

Pete grinned. "Guess that poke you gave old Kindersley made him scared to start anything. He's been very respectful ever since, at any rate. I don't think he'll bother Mom so long as he knows you're not far off. Anyway, I'm pretty near big enough to handle him myself, now."

"Indeed you are," Mr. Beelby regarded Pete's size with pride and affection, "possibly much better than I could. After all, it was a lucky shot from Jimmy's sling that laid George Kindersley low, you remember . . ."

MARION hadn't come back into the livingroom last night, and this morning she had been her usual gracious self, except that she was quieter than usual. In fact an unaccustomed silence enveloped all the family.

"When do you go to Lyndon?"

John Marin's long, intense stare brought Brooks' gaze up.

"I guess I'm no hand at explainin' somethin'," he said, and Johnny, looking into his eyes, saw behind the brazen twinkle of their faded blue, the look of wistfulness that lies behind the brightness of a dog's.

"You told it well," Johnny said, and got up and went out to his car.

He stopped at the foot of the Hill driveway, and, keeping to the grass, came up to the porch. He stood there for minutes, staring at its darkness. Then he turned to go, and his feet scraped the gravel.

"Who's there?" Kathie was still on the hammock. It creaked softly as she rose and came to the screen door.

"It's me, Kathie, Johnny." He came to the step.

"Johnny! What in the world—"

She stepped out, and down, and into Johnny's arms. It was a warm night in late spring, and Johnny kissed her.

asked Marion, in a polite, formal tone, at lunch. Jimmy and John had stopped chattering, Pete laid down his fork and stopped eating, and even the budge bird was quiet for a minute.

"Not for ten days," said Mr. Beelby. "Halliday doesn't need me 'till a week Monday."

Somehow the tension eased perceptibly. Conversation became general. "Lots can happen before ten days," said Jimmy succinctly. The days slipped by, on the swift, lovely wings of summer.

Now it was evening, the loveliest time of a June day, and Mr. Beelby sat, staring toward the house and the flower garden.

"It's only two months, Jimmy," he said, and wondered whom he was assuring, the boy or himself. "Time will soon pass. You be a good boy, now, and help your mother all you can . . ."

Suddenly Jimmy wasn't paying any attention. He stood, a gangling boy's figure, in blue overalls and striped blue and white cotton sweater, staring toward the front gate.

"Geeminy, Mr. Beelby!" He swung around, his hazel eyes excited, "there's Mr. Kindersley and another man. Mr. Kindersley's coming in the garden. What's he want, I wonder?"

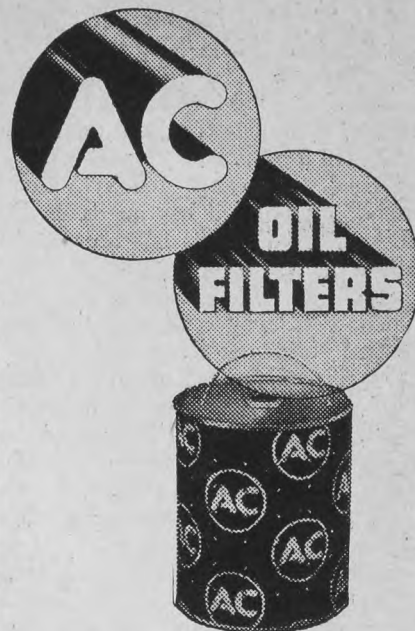
Tom Beelby turned. Since his encounter with George Kindersley, nearly a year ago, and his brief, but victorious battle with him, the belligerent neighbor of the Winston's had kept his distance. It was strange that Kindersley should now be coming, to visit, and bringing a stranger with him.

As Tom and Jimmy watched, they saw Marion Winston's slight blue-clad figure leave the house and cross the patch of lawn toward the gate.

"Mom's shaking hands with that man," announced Jimmy. "He looks a nice guy, whoever he is."

"Geel!" Jimmy's eyes were large and round, like a couple of flecked green marbles, "I forgot. Joey Stevens told me his dad said Mr. Kindersley had sold the farm. I clean forgot to tell it, you going away 'n all, Mr. Beelby." As Tom looked at him, in mild surprise, Jimmy went on, "Joey Stevens said the new guy was an officer in the air force in the war. Geeminy! D'you think that might be him?"

There was awe and delighted wonder in Jimmy's hazel eyes, as he stared at the group by the little white gate,



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and suddenly Tom Beelby felt a stab of jealous concern. Jimmy had been his own adoring henchman for so long!

"Gosh! They're coming over here." Jimmy sidled off to take cover behind the black currant bushes. "I'd sure like to meet that man if he is an air force officer, but I hate Mr. Kindersley. Guess I'll go find John."

Marion Winston's pretty face was flushed and animated as she came up with the two men. Kindersley, stocky and gross-appearing, and the tall, slim figure of the stranger who held himself like a military man, and who, Tom Beelby saw, was dark, good-looking and about 40, apparently.

Tom rose as they approached. He felt awkward and embarrassed. He ran a thin hand nervously over his chin. Yes, he needed a shave, and he

neighbors too! 'Tisn't often a good-looking bachelor has the chance to pick up a farm right spang next to one where such a pretty widow lives. Right handy ain't it? Marion and Gilbraith're just about the same age too, I guess. Ain't that nice now, Mr. Beelby?" His little, piggy eyes leered at Marion, and past her to Tom.

Tom Beelby's grey eyes, behind the silver-rimmed glasses were hot and angry. His thin hands clenched into fists. The tanned face of Mike Gilbraith flushed a deep red, and Marion Winston, her blue eyes looking helplessly from one man to another broke into an excited stream of talk:

"O look!" she chattered. "I do believe my pink rose is coming into bloom. Are you fond of flowers, Mr. Gilbraith? I am. We have so many here at Cloverdell. The boys hate to hoe them, that's the trouble, and the weeds do grow so fast..." She broke off, nervously biting her lip.

"I think we should go," said Mike Gilbraith quietly. "We have kept you too long, now, Mrs. Winston. I hope I shall see you again soon. You too, Mr. Beelby..." He turned with a smart salute and strode off, the squat, clumsy figure of George Kindersley following him.

"That fat swinel" muttered Mr. Beelby. He felt sick with fury. He would have given anything to be able to take another poke at Kindersley. "I've half a mind..." He took a quick step after the retreating figures.

Marion Winston caught his arm. "Don't be like that," she said. "You know how George acts. He can't help it. I'm sure the new man understands the type of person Kindersley is..."

"I hope so. That was a rotten thing Kindersley said. I should have poked him."

He broke away from Marion's restraining hand, and walked quickly toward the house. He didn't know why he felt so miserable. It was the idea of going away, he thought, dully. Perhaps it was the contrast between himself and this Gilbraith fellow. He, Tom Beelby, 55, dull as ditchwater, a dusty, old bookkeeper, pretending to farm so that he could be with this woman and these lovable kids; and Mike Gilbraith, 15 years younger, handsome and charming, easy and courteous, with a laughing way with him...

MR. BEELBY still felt miserable a week later, when Mike Gilbraith was established on the Kindersley place. The obese and nasty minded George had gone, nobody knew where for certain, though he had been seen apparently staying on the Smithers' farm two miles west of Cloverdell. The tall, slim figure of ex-wing commander Mike Gilbraith already was a constant visitor at the Winston farm, and seemed, as Marion confided to Mr. Beelby, "like an old friend."

The twins, Jimmy and John were frankly worshipping at Mike's shrine. Mr. Beelby, although deeply feeling the transference of their adoration, consoled himself that "kids are like that," but felt no better for the philosophic thought.

Pete accepted Mike with reservations. "He seems a real nice guy," said the tall, dark boy, his eyes watching Mr. Beelby's thin face as they worked together on the tractor. "Guess she's in good shape now to work the summerfallow." Pete gave the tractor an affectionate pat. "I guess he's



"That would be going to an enormous amount of trouble crossing them just to get egg-nog!"

wished he'd put on a clean shirt that morning. This chap looked immaculate in fawn shirt and well-tailored khaki slacks.

"Mr. Beelby," said Marion's clear voice, her blue gaze meeting his, with pleasure in their depths, "I would like you to meet Mr. Gilbraith, our new neighbor..."

"Mike Gilbraith," corrected the stranger, shaking hands with Tom.

"He's got a good firm handshake, anyway," thought Tom, "and a steady look in those eyes of his, if he is too good-looking for an ordinary man."

"Mr. Beelby is our right-hand man," said Marion Winston. "We couldn't get along at Cloverdell Farm without him." Her blue eyes smiled at Tom, but George Kindersley grunted.

"In spite of him being a book farmer, you mean, Marion."

Mike Gilbraith grinned. "Then you and I should hit it off, Mr. Beelby. This is the first time I've done any practical farming on my own."

Tom, who couldn't help liking Mike's straightforward manner, caught a sidelong glance from Kindersley's little eyes. They were gleaming maliciously as if at some hidden thought. Suddenly Tom Beelby felt old and tired, and for a split second, wondered what in the world a drab, old bookkeeper was doing here in this garden.

Then he pulled himself together. "So you have sold your farm, Mr. Kindersley?" he said. "And what do you propose doing? Are you going to the city?" His level glance, behind the thick lenses of his glasses, met George Kindersley's ferretty gaze.

"That's my affair, I guess." Mr. Kindersley stared insolently at Mr. Beelby, then said crassly, "anyway, Mike here, has got a good place. Good

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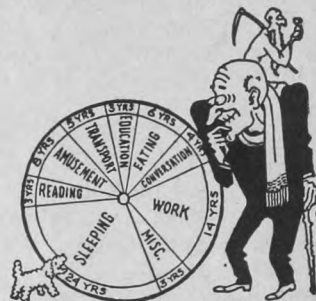
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all right, Mr. Gilbraith, I mean. Lots better than Mr. Kindersley anyway."

Pete jumped down from the tractor. "You don't have to worry about mean, old George now, while you're away in Lyndon."

"I won't have to worry!" thought Mr. Beelby, his mouth a grim twisted line in his thin face. He needn't worry! That was a "laugh" as the kids said.

NO? What was troubling Mr. Beelby now, wasn't that any harm could come to Marion Winston from the farm that adjoined hers on the east, but that Mike Gilbraith, charming, handsome and so eminently right for Marion, couldn't help but fall in love with her.

He knew himself for a jealous fool. The barbed remarks of George Kindersley had certainly achieved their purpose and gone home. There was nothing Mr. Beelby could do about it, either. He could foresee the end of it all! One of these days, Marion and Mike Gilbraith would get married. It was as simple as that. Then where would Tom Beelby be?

He felt thoroughly ashamed of his morbid, jealous feelings. It didn't accomplish anything though. He still went on feeling that way.

"You miserable rat!" Tom Beelby said to himself, when Mike came over to Cloverdell and instructed the little boys in the precise art of assembling model B-29's, checked Pete's latin verbs for him, and presented Marion with a huge, beribboned box of candy in return for many immense and marvellously cooked meals. "Why can't you enjoy their happiness and fun?" he berated himself mentally.

"That Mike! I think he must have kissed the blarney stone," laughed

Marion Winston, to Tom. "The crazy things he says!" She looked girlish and charming with a blue ribbon threaded through her brown, curly hair. "It just matches her eyes," thought Tom staring at it, but for the life of him he couldn't bring himself to tell her.

At the thought of leaving the farm, now, and going to Lyndon his spirit writhed. Even though he did come home every weekend, what good would that do? Mike would be there almost all of the time! "He's got the whole of each week to come over here while I'm away in town," Tom thought bitterly and then reproached himself again for being a jealous fool.

"Why shouldn't Mike like Marion?" he argued with himself. "Why shouldn't she like him? He's just the right age for her. He'd make a wonderful father for the boys..." At this point, Mr. Beelby groaned. His love for the boys was very real, very deep. As for Marion...

He grew morose with her as the time came near when he would have to leave. To his mind, Marion seemed to become much more aloof and cool, than she had ever been before. Then, on the Saturday before he was to go to Lyndon, things came to a climax.

The day began like any other June day, but gloomy for Mr. Beelby, although the sun shone and the sky was blue. As Tom came in from the barn with the pails of milk, he heard a subdued sound coming from the little room off the kitchen.

Investigating, Mr. Beelby discovered Jimmy, his red head buried in an old leather jacket belonging to Tom, his shoulders heaving as he tried to smother his sobs.

"Hey!" Mr. Beelby took the shaking little figure in his arms. "What's wrong, Jimmy?" He handed the little fellow his big, white handkerchief.

Jimmy sobbed and sniffled, then looked up, his eyes more like a cocker spaniel's than ever. "It's... j-just... I c-c-can't bear it..."

"What Jimmy?" There was a world of affection and love in Tom's voice.



BURESCH
"Chicken, chicken, chicken—why don't we make a trip to town and have hot dogs for a change!"

"You g-g-goin' away," choked Jimmy. He buried his ruffled red head in Mr. Beelby's chest.

Mr. Beelby's heart took a big jump. Jimmy still loved him, at any rate. Mike hadn't got all of the little boy's allegiance. "Don't worry, son," he said. "It's only for a little while. I'll be home weekends."

John, Jimmy's twin had silently entered the room. "And Mike'll be here lots," he said stoutly, his red-rimmed eyes giving him away, too.

"Him!" said Jimmy, then as Mr. Beelby looked startled, said, "Oh he's

swell, Mike, I mean, but he's n-not you. Do you really have to go?"

"I really do, Jimmy."

MARION WINSTON came into the kitchen. Her face wore a strained expression. "Breakfast is ready," she said. "Jimmy, stop crying and don't bother Mr. Beelby."

"I-I'm not bothering," wailed Jimmy. He bolted through the door and dashed outside.

"I don't know what has got into them," said Marion. Her blue eyes angrily met Mr. Beelby's gaze and seemed to say, "Or into you!"

"I don't feel much like breakfast this morning," was all Mr. Beelby said. He went out into the lovely June morning.

Pete came across the yard. "Hi! What d'you know, Mr. Beelby? Jim Warrender was just in on his way to town. Know what? Old George Kindersley has gone and bought Joe Smither's place. He won't be leaving after all."

Tom Beelby stared at Pete. That just about finished things! Up to now, he had felt that Marion and the boys would be secure while he was away, with Mike on the next place. Now, in addition to the charming menace of Mike, there was the real threat of the bully, George Kindersley, who was still in the immediate vicinity of Cloverdell.

"And the worst of it is, Gilbraith doesn't know the brute for what he is," thought Tom. "Mike'll probably think it's all right to bring Kindersley over here with him..."

The problem suddenly seemed large and too serious for Tom Beelby to cope with. As Pete went to the house,



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Tom strode aimlessly up and down the garden paths.

"Don't be a silly old fool," he told himself. "Kindersley can't do them any harm. What are you scared of? What do you think the Winston family did before you came into it? You're a conceited idiot, to think you are necessary for their safety or happiness."

Alfalfa, the blue-grey cat that had accompanied Mr. Beelby from the city to Cloverdell, brushed affectionately against his legs, but he was so perturbed that he pushed the cat impatiently away.

Marion Winston came into the garden and picked up Alfalfa. "You shouldn't take your bad temper out on an animal, even if you are cross," she said and swept past him, the big, blue-grey cat in her arms.

Tom Beelby muttered. "Cross! If she only knew!"

He knew that he was justified in worrying. He knew that there was no limit to the malicious tricks that George Kindersley could do, and would do, given half a chance. "And with me away, he'll pull off something," groaned Mr. Beelby. "He's half scared of me ever since he thinks I knocked him out . . . but I won't be here." He took out his big, white handkerchief from the breast pocket of his blue shirt, and mopped his sweating forehead.



"Come, dear—eat your greens."

"But Mike will be here," a small, insidious thought teased his mind. "Mike will take care of the Winstons . . . of Marion . . ."

But Mike didn't know Kindersley. Mike probably thought that George Kindersley was an ignorant boor, without manners or finer feelings, as evidenced by his crass remarks the first night he and Kindersley were at Cloverdell. Mike didn't know that Kindersley was a cruel bully; that he had held a grudge against Marion Winston and young Pete ever since they had refused to sell him the farm, probably ever since Marion had refused to marry Kindersley. Such men were dangerous, but what on earth could he, Tom Beelby, do?

He frantically thought over the whole troublesome business as he tramped up and down the paths. A robin, singing in an alder bush at the edge of the garden regarded him calmly.

"I can't turn down this job at Lyndon when there's a chance to earn some money. I have to go to Lyndon," he thought. Yet every fibre of his being urged him to stay. His love for the boys, for their brown-haired, blue-eyed mother, his longing for the farm, glorious in its summer beauty, his fears for the safety of Marion and the boys, all counselled him to stay. But

conscience and his sense of duty urged him to take the job, and a sense of duty had been Tom Beelby's strongest trait for many years.

He paced along the paths, lost to time and everything but the problem confronting him. "It's too bad that Mike Gilbraith couldn't realize what kind of a cur Kindersley is," he thought. Suddenly, the solution of his trouble seemed clear and plain. Mike didn't know, but he could be told. Michael Gilbraith, ex-wing commander, R.C.A.F., was not the man to refuse a challenge!

Tom Beelby took a deep breath and stopped his frantic pacing, staring at the lines of early vegetables that marked the kitchen garden. "I can tell him," he thought. "I can go to Gilbraith and tell him what Kindersley really is. I can ask Mike to keep an eye on all of them, on Marion and the kids . . . I can leave them in Mike's care."

"Ha! Ha!" It seemed to Tom Beelby that the malicious laughter of Kindersley himself, greeted this decision. "Ha! Ha! That makes it fine for Mike Gilbraith. That really gives him the old advantage. That puts Mr. Gilbraith right where he wants to be . . . right where you were, right in the middle of the Winston family. Right at home at Cloverdell."

Grimly, Tom Beelby turned a deaf ear to the taunts of the malicious promptings. He had to do it this way. Without stopping to consider any further, Mr. Beelby strode out of the garden and off toward the old Kindersley farm.

"It's queer," he thought bitterly, "how I only come on to this place when something extraordinary happens."

Mike Gilbraith must have seen the slight figure of Mr. Beelby coming at a rapid pace toward the old house on the Kindersley farm, because by the time Tom reached the line of spruces that led to the buildings, Mike was there to meet him.

"Take it easy, Tom," Mike grabbed him by the elbows. "What's wrong? Something the matter up there? Good grief, man, your face is grey and you're sweating like a dog. Come up to the house and have a drink . . ."

"I'll . . . I'll sit down here, I think . . ." Mr. Beelby was suddenly acutely conscious of his years. His legs were trembling and he sat down on a big rock mopping his face with his white handkerchief. Mike Gilbraith watched him anxiously. "Nothing wrong up there?" he said, jerking his handsome, dark head toward the Winston farm.

"No!" Suddenly Tom Beelby felt as though he had come on a fool's errand. Here was this man, this stranger, Mike Gilbraith. After all, he didn't know Tom Beelby. He would think he was dealing with a queer character. Maybe Mike would think he was crazy.

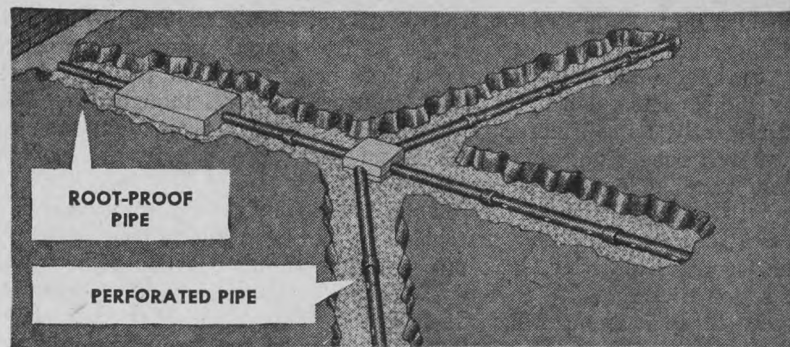
"I had to see you," he said, his voice steadying as he spoke more slowly. "I had to see you, Mike. I'm going away to work at Lyndon. I shall be away all week . . . I had hoped that Kindersley had left the district, but he hasn't . . ."

"He bought another farm I hear," said Mike, dryly. "If I had known the extent that sow thistle and wild oats have succeeded on this farm he would still own this one, the . . ."

"Sol!" Tom Beelby nodded his greying head. "He fooled you, did he?"

"Only once!" Mike's lean, dark face was grim. "It's good land though. I'll

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have to summerfallow, that's all."

"I'm afraid of him—Kindersley," said Tom simply, then as he saw disbelief in Mike's eyes, said slowly, "don't mistake me. Not for myself, for them—Mrs. Winston and the boys."

Mike smiled. "I can understand that. It's evident you think a great deal of them. But Kindersley is scared of you. He assured me that you packed an awful wallop for a skinny fellow."

Tom didn't smile. As Mike still waited patiently, he said abruptly, "I might as well come right out with it. Will you keep an eye on things at Cloverdell while I'm away? Will you watch out for them? Will you watch out for George Kindersley, look out for his rotten tricks?"

A grin broke out on Mike Gilbraith's lean face. "With the greatest pleasure in the world to both requests," he said cheerfully. "I'm very fond of the Winstons myself, and I'm sure I could soon hate Kindersley's guts without half trying. Maybe I'll get a chance to try my wallop on him, who knows?"

"It's okay! I've done it," thought Mr. Beelby wearily. "Now Mike will have all the reasons in the world to go to Cloverdell."

"Well, thanks very much," he said, trying to sound grateful. Hang it all, he was grateful, wasn't he? "That's a load off my mind, Mike. Now I can go away with an easy conscience."

Mike Gilbraith looked curiously at the thin figure that sat in an attitude

of dejection. He laid a friendly hand on Tom's shoulder. "Why are you going away when you want to stay so badly?" he said gently.

"Eh? What's that?" Mr. Beelby took off his spectacles and began to polish them energetically. "I'm going to earn some money," he said brusquely. "I shall get \$300 clear, and we need it."

Mike looked intensely surprised. "You mean to tell me that's all you're going away for? I thought Mrs. Winston told me you were a city man and that you were getting tired of the farm."

Mr. Beelby got up from the rock as if he had been lifted up by a gigantic hand, and stared at Mike, his silver-rimmed glasses dangling from one finger. "She said . . . what? That I was tired of the farm? She said so?"

"She sure enough thinks it."

"I told her it was for the money. I only want it for the farm." Tom mopped his sweating forehead again with the big handkerchief.

MIKE looked at him, his dark eyes narrowing. He took a pack of cigarettes and offered it to Tom. As Tom mutely shook his head, Mike lit a cigarette and said, "If you are looking for a job, Mr. Beelby, why don't you come and help me? Why go kiting off to Lyndon? Do you like keeping books?"

"I loathe keeping books."

"Then why do it?" Mike blew a perfect smoke ring and surveyed Mr.

Beelby through it. "I need to summerfallow this farm. Why don't you come over and help me, instead of going to Lyndon? If I had known you were going out for the money, I'd have mentioned it sooner. I really thought you wanted to get away."

"Wanted to get away," repeated Mr. Beelby. "Oh, no!" He stared at ex-wing commander Michael Gilbraith who seemed to be enveloped in a rosy haze. Mr. Beelby wasn't quite sure, but he seemed to hear a chorus of heavenly voices singing somewhere not far away. Abruptly he sat down.

"Hey!" Mike's voice came from the dim distance. "Don't pass out on me, Tom. Say! Did you have any breakfast this morning?"

"I sure didn't . . ." Mr. Beelby found that he was sitting on the rock again.

"Then you just come up to the house with me. We'll have a couple of rashers of bacon and some eggs. Then I'll go over to Winstons' with you, and we'll make a deal for the summerfallowing. Maybe Pete would like to get in on it, too, eh?"

Mr. Beelby looked around. He stared across the fields to where in the distance, the white house of Cloverdell Farm stood among its fields and flower garden. There was all that he loved on earth. He didn't have to leave it, even for two months. There was Pete and John and Jimmy. There was Marion, with the curly brown hair and the sweet blue eyes. Mr. Beelby

drew a long, deep breath. He turned and looked up. Mike Gilbraith was grinning down at him.

"I don't blame you for feeling like you do, Tom," he said. "If I weren't just about to be engaged to the grandest girl in Canada, I could fall for Mrs. Winston myself. Now will you come and eat breakfast with me?"

A robin sang in a willow bush. Tom Beelby himself could have burst into song. Bells seemed to be ringing in the air. Unbelievable happiness welled up in his heart.

"You . . . You're engaged," he murmured, inanely, "engaged . . . to be married . . . to a girl?"

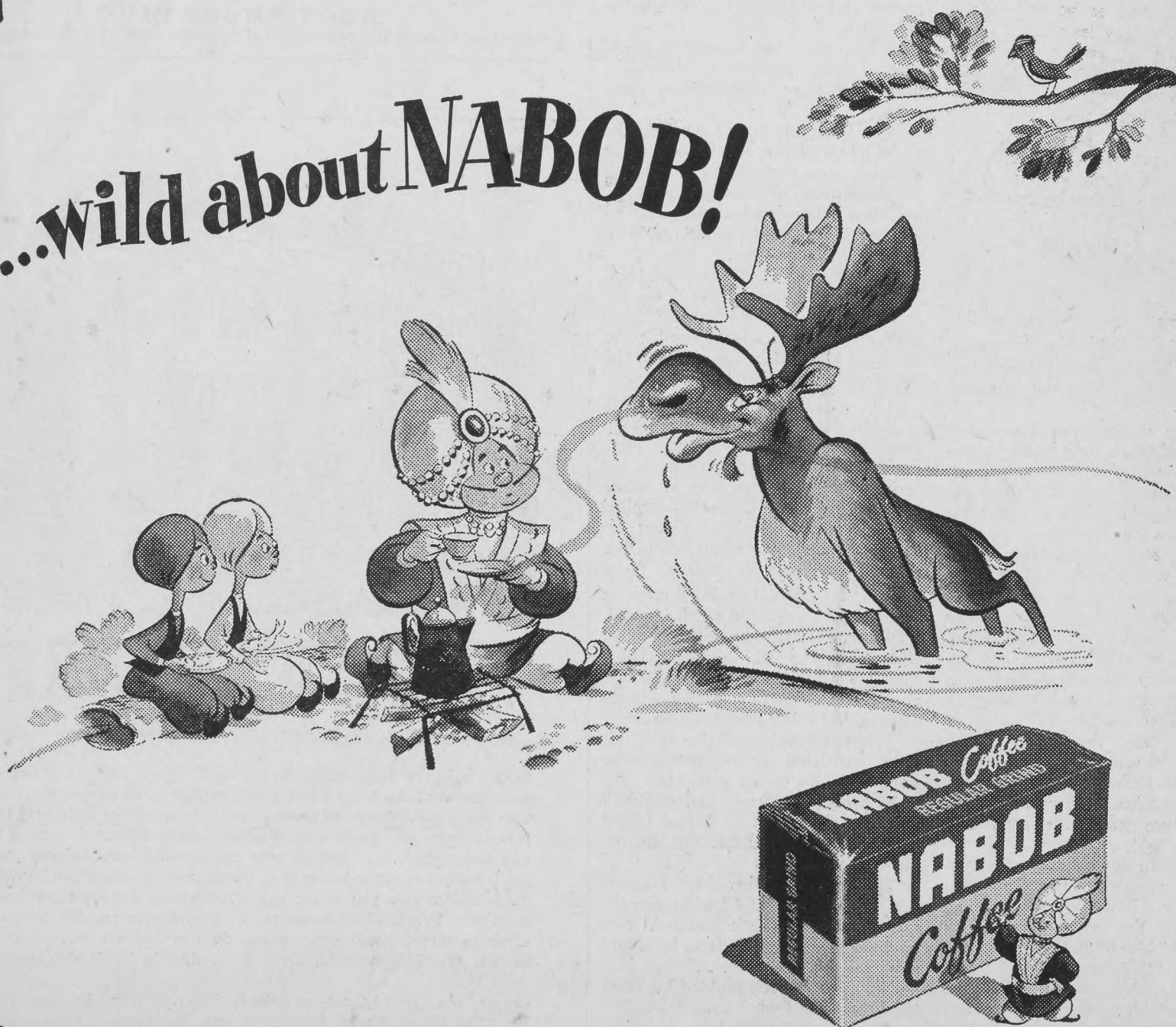
"It's customary," laughed Mike Gilbraith. "I'll show you her picture one of these days. I didn't say anything . . . It's not official yet. Come and have breakfast with me?"

Mr. Beelby stood up. "I'll eat the biggest breakfast I've ever eaten in my life," he said positively, "but I'm going to eat it at home. Thanks just the same for asking me, Mike, but I must get back. I have to tell them . . . I have to tell them I won't be going away."

"I'll be over later," said Mike Gilbraith with perfect comprehension.

Mr. Beelby didn't hear him. He had started toward Cloverdell Farm, his thin figure marching along the road, his head held high, his grey eyes behind the silver-rimmed spectacles bright with happiness. His mind was serene once more. He was going home.

...wild about NABOB!



The Countrywoman

Discovery

*One time I thought a singing tree
Held life within green melody
And that the solitude of sky
Meant more to love than you and I.
To me the water's silken bliss
Was sweeter than a lover's kiss,
While rain upon a violet
Could almost make my heart forget
That there was ecstasy or grief
Beyond the turning of a leaf.
But now I know the stars burn bright
Because of your small fire at night
And that the far trail's sweet perfume
Blows from your tiny garden's bloom.*

—GILEAN DOUGLAS.

THE drowsy days of summer show sign of merging into autumn. For the farm housewife there are many tasks ahead, if not already at hand; berry picking, canning, getting the children's things ready for school and extra duties connected with harvest time. In the spare moments of her leisure there is perhaps not much inclination for serious reading or thinking.

So in mood with August, miscellaneous items are offered. They are odds and ends of impressions and experience from an overseas journey, which began last fall for the party of Canadian women on their way to the meeting of the Associated Country Women of the World, in Copenhagen. They are unrelated pieces that haven't seemed to just fit into a straight story but possibly entertaining as to points of view.

Are Canadians by their manner, speech and dress recognizable as being a distinctive type of people? In Britain and on the European continent, usually they are regarded as being "American." We came to learn that this meant that they were recognized as coming "from the other side," from North America. Europeans not familiar with the accents and rhythms of speech from the various regions on this continent do recognize a difference in speech from those who came from the British Isles. So we became accustomed to acknowledging that we were in truth Americans but always added "from Canada," in order to distinguish ourselves from our good neighbors in the United States.

There is perhaps a natural curiosity regarding visitors travelling in a party—and Europeans see hundreds of such each year. We found that there was usually a hush of voices around us and as a consequence our own seemed more pronounced in that setting, much as the speech of a group of foreign people stand out in any gathering in this country. The touring traveller's movements differ from one who belongs to a country or who is familiar with its ways, especially upon arrival or departure from a destination, getting off or aboard a train or tram. There is apt to be some hesitancy and uncertainty. Confusion is added if the signs directing traffic are in another language than your own or when you do not comprehend the various currency coins required for a fare. We are sometimes too apt to smile in a superior fashion at the old-country "greenhorn" who doesn't quite know his way about in our country. It is a good lesson in the need of sympathy and understanding when you, yourself, become a "greenhorn" and have to be directed,

Miscellaneous items, impressions from a visit and a question concerning things distinctively Canadian

by AMY J. ROE

guided or have very simple procedures patiently explained.

At Lakeside, on Lake Windermere, members of the Cumberland Women's Institutes came in the evening to meet the Canadian party, some of them having walked a mile or more through a fairly heavy rain, in order to reach the hall. There was a short program consisting of an address of welcome, fitting replies, a humorous mime skit and songs. They wanted us to sing a Canadian song for them. We protested that we came from widely scattered provinces and were not accustomed to singing together. However, with the good, strong voice of one of the Ontario women leading, we did a fair rendition of O Canada.

OVER coffee we chatted together and became better acquainted. A young girl of about 14 years of age was sitting on the floor in the crowded room, with her arm resting on the lap of an older woman. She watched us intently as we chatted. Then turning to the older woman she said: "The Canadians talk just like they sound on the cinema and the wireless." When I asked her what she noted as peculiar about our manner of speaking, she replied: "I didn't think that you really talked like that. I thought that it was affected." When asked further about words we used that struck her as being different, she pointed out, "You say 'I guess'." I had to admit that we do. Her accent and use of words was entertaining to us.

On Danes' Day in Copenhagen, we roamed about the huge auditorium, erected by a sports or ball club known as K.B. Hall, viewing, admiring, and

making an occasional purchase among the items of the varied handicraft displayed. One of our new Norwegian friends said to me later, "Haven't Canadians any other adjective except 'lovely'? I noticed that they used it so frequently." It is a simple and expressive word but we do overwork it.

Four of the leading Danish handicraft societies presented the leader of the visiting delegation from each constituent society with a guest book bound with a linen cover, hand-worked in an attractive typical Danish design. At a dinner at the close of our two-day visit in Oslo, each Canadian visitor was presented with a doll, made by the skilful fingers of an artistic member of the Housewives Organization and dressed by her in a typical Norwegian costume. Our Dutch friends insisted on giving us some of the dark fruit cake so popular with families in the Netherlands, to carry home with us.

We noted that on formal occasions, and during the conference, that the Norwegian women usually wore their national dress. One of them told me that they are working on a new type of costume which, while being distinctively Norwegian, will be more practical for street or usual wear. The present costumes are regional in design and color, are too voluminous for practical wear, being bulky around the waist and difficult to clean.

THE invitation extended by Canada for the A.C.W.W. 1953 conference to be held in this country has, I understand, been accepted. The actual place of meeting has not yet been named. It is likely to be held in Ontario, probably in the early autumn. It will be well for us to start thinking about the things typically Canadian, which we will want to show our visitors from other lands. It is greatly hoped that they will be able to visit more than just the eastern provinces. Currency restrictions and the high cost of dollars in their funds may unfortunately limit their travel in Canada.

We do not have old castles, homes of world-famous writers, artists and musicians or much in the way of native handicraft to show to visitors. We may be somewhat surprised that they will know much more about Canada than we do of their countries.

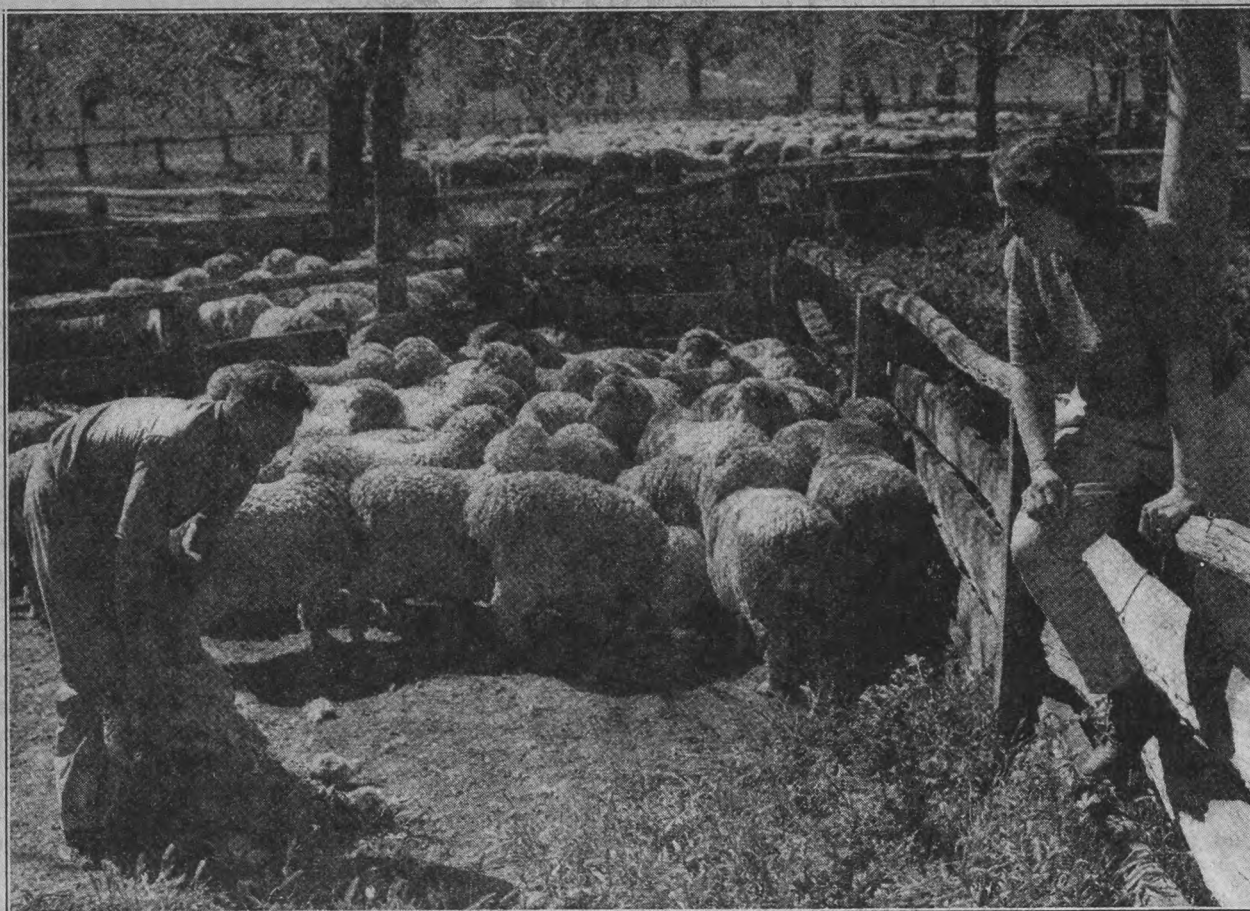
One may judge from what people want to show you about their homes and country, the things of which they are most proud as well as the things which they think are markedly distinctive. In Oslo we saw the museum of old Viking ships recently completed. In Stockholm we visited Skansa and saw a museum of Swedish houses built through the years. At the same time we had pointed out to us some very fine, modern buildings, offices and apartment blocks. In every country we heard of the housing shortage and its effect on living conditions. In Denmark we visited famous old castles, but the Danes wanted us to see also their hospitals, homes for the aged, kindergartens and other modern schools as well as farms, dairies and co-operative businesses.

In Sweden and Holland we were taken to view home economic schools. Vacstans, a housework school, is located out of Stockholm on a farm of 300 acres, with 60 acres in pasture. The center building was an old manor house built in 1780. About half of the pupils live in residence, numbering 30 in summer and around 40 in winter.

They have a choice of five-month or ten-month course. In addition to the usual homemaking subjects and weaving, they care for six dairy cows and do poultry and garden work.



Summer ripples on still water.



Country Women Down Under

The story of the amazing changes which have come about in the lives of Australian people living in country places as a result of an idea which sparked an organization and its leaders into action.

by MARGARET ECKER FRANCIS

IT took the British Pacific Commonwealth Airlines sleeper plane 30 flying hours to touch down at the airport of Sydney, Australia, after leaving Vancouver.

Fast travel—but 29 years ago something else travelled diagonally across the Pacific faster than sound, faster than light, as fast, as a matter of fact, as a flash of inspiration in the mind of a clever, kindly and adventurous woman.

I was in Australia only a matter of hours before I felt the brilliance of this woman's inspiration. When I had been there a few weeks, had met the woman, 72-year-old Mrs. Hugh Munro, had seen some of the results of her work, I felt humbly grateful that I was a Canadian. Proud too, that an idea that had germinated in my own land could have so changed the lives of thousands of country women in a sister commonwealth.

Today, country women in Australia have better social services than in any other country in the world. Three decades ago, they had little.

The Country Women's Association in Australia has brought to those even in the loneliest "outback" medical services, educational opportunities for their children, companionship and inspiration. This is no exaggeration. Rural Australian women are cared for by their government because one woman, Grace Munro, was inspired to become a sort of Joan of Arc, leading an army of her ilk in the battle against masculine indifference.

Mrs. Munro insists that her inspiration in forming the Country Women's Association came from Canada's own Women's Institutes and Mrs. Alfred Watt.

Let's go back to the closing years of World War I.

A grazier (sheep rancher) on one of those remote, lonely sheep stations which are often hundreds of square miles, was forced to be away from home for several weeks, range riding. Behind him he left his wife and two children. They had no communication with the outside world, either by telephone or any means of transportation.

One of the children sickened and died and whilst his mother watched anxiously. With her own hands she dug the shallow grave in the parched earth. She returned to the house to find the second child sickening. The home had no medical supplies, no drugs and she too died.

When the father returned home several days later, he found the mother, where she had collapsed as she tried to hollow out a grave for the little figure wrapped only in a blanket. Ants covered her and she was raving mad. She's still in a mental hospital.

A gruesome story, but it couldn't happen today.

TODAY in the stricken home would be a complete medical kit with drugs and medicines carefully numbered. The mother would have contacted her nearest medical center by the home's pedal wireless telephone. The calm voice of a doctor, after he had listened carefully to the child's symptoms, would say something like this: "Give the little boy such-and-such quantity of No. 3 medicine. Take his temperature, watch his reactions and call me back in two hours."

At the end of the two hours the doctor would either prescribe further medicine, or if the child had not reacted, would dispatch a flying bush doctor to the sheep station. While the twin-engine medical rescue plane was beating its way over several hundred miles of range and near-desert country, the mother would be receiving regular instructions on the care of her sick child.

As soon as humanly possible, the doctor would be at the child's side, and if necessary, the child, and the rest of the family, if preventive measures were necessary, would be aboard the plane, speeding back to a base hospital.

The Country Women's Association lays no claim to being entirely responsible for this magnificent flying medical service. It did, however, make possible the first plane for the pioneer bush doctors when no other aid was available. It did bring to the

public notice the need for such communications as pedal wireless telephone. Without the CWA these things would have probably come to isolated Australia, but they would have taken years longer.

In the early twenties, Mrs. Hugh Munro was herself living on an isolated ranch, "Keera" at Bingara. It was an enormous and wealthy station and she was spared many of the hardships of most graziers' wives. But she was keenly aware of these hardships and she knew from experience the loneliness and boredom of life hundreds of miles from town or city.

An article in "Stock and Station" magazine in which the editor, Robert MacMillan, discussed "How to make bush life more attractive," started her thinking. She'd heard about the Women's Institutes in Canada and it seemed to her that this might be the framework on which to create an organization which would make bush life fuller and better for rural women.

At her own expense she rattled about New South Wales in her old-fashioned car, talking to other country women, asking their problems, trying to show them what they might do to help themselves if they were organized. With her on her trek was another grazier's wife, turned journalist, Mrs. E. M. Irvine, writing and sharing with Mrs. Munro the hardships of lonely, primitive roads and oppressive heat. In Sydney, Florence Gordon, women's editor of Stock and Station, was urging through her columns a conference of country women.

A preliminary committee in February, 1922, elected Mrs. Munro president of the proposed association. In April, when country women gathered with their husbands in Sydney for the Royal Agricultural Society's annual show, the one opportunity a year for many women to visit the city, a conference was called. A dodger proclaimed the aim of the meeting: "Improving the conditions of the woman on the land." Speakers discussed the problems of these women; citizenship, how homes

A young Australian woman who in addition to caring for her home and children, lends her rancher husband a hand at sheep care. Doctor and pilot carry a sick child to plane which will convey him to hospital. A mother takes down instructions for treating a sick child over a pedal wireless from a doctor at a base 125 miles away.

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could be made more comfortable, infant welfare.

As the women themselves saw them, isolation and loneliness were two of their gravest problems, as were lack of medical services, lack of facilities for maternity care.

As Mrs. Munro, a vigorous and cheerful elderly lady now reminisces, "the enthusiasm and hope that meeting inspired was fantastic. We all rushed home, eager to be the first to form a branch in our own district."

IN less than a year 69 branches had been formed in all parts of New South Wales, and the beginnings had been launched of a welfare program that was to revolutionize the lives of women on the land. As Mrs. Irvine, a well-known writer puts it, "we found ourselves with a selfless, energetic movement already uncannily successful."

One of the first projects was establishing rest rooms in rural centers. Light kindled in the blue eyes of Mrs. Munro as in her pleasant Sydney home, high on a bluff overlooking the harbor, she talked of other, harder days.

"You probably can't realize how necessary these rest rooms were," she explained. "An occasional trip to the town or village was the only outing most rural women had. But when they got there, there was nothing for them to do besides sit in the sulky with the children while father went about his business and refreshed himself with a beer in the pub. Mother had no place to go to change the baby or get a cup of tea."

CWA branches began by approaching storekeepers or office building owners to provide a room. The members furnished these, equipped them with children's cots, stoves, dishes. Then the visitor had a place to rest comfortably, to feed her children and put baby to bed for a nap. Mother herself could chat over a cup of tea with another lonely woman who had come to town with her husband.

By the end of 1923, spread over the state, were 17 of these centers. Today there are 162 friendly, comfortable meeting places, mostly in cottages, built by the CWA on land they have purchased themselves.

When Mrs. Munro began her campaign, there were no such things as maternity hospitals or wards, outside of Sydney.

"Country hospitals wouldn't be bothered taking maternity cases because then they had to find matrons with special certificates. And the men, who ran the hospitals, held the theory that if they allowed maternity cases into them, puerperal fever, which was very common then, would spread to other patients. There were lots of other things wrong with the hospitals too, beds were hard, the linen coarse, and the food terrible."

Mrs. Munro took her campaign to the government, and was finally elected as the first woman on a hospital board. "Then I concentrated on getting maternity wards and improving general conditions. I talked them into buying good mattresses and linen. Into providing more conveniences for the cooks so that the food could be better."

She coaxed the men to build the first maternity ward in the grounds of a rural hospital, and proved that when good methods were used, puerperal fever could not only be prevented

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spreading but could be checked itself. By 1927 the efforts of the CWA founded the first maternity hospital, at Pokotoroo on the edge of the great western plains whose dwellers had had no medical care within hundreds of miles.

The organization has since then founded 13 maternity hospitals, and all but two have now been taken over by the government health services. Even now, not all maternity cases from the "outback" can reach a hospital in time, so the CWA has published a book, "First Aid and Midwifery," which has been widely circulated. "Hundreds of little Australians have since been brought into the world," smiled Mrs. Munro, "by fathers, or even garagemen, with the book in one hand."

In the mid-twenties, Rev. John Flynn of the Inland Mission, who died in May, was struggling to establish what he called "a mantle of safety," a series of flying doctor bases operating planes in radii of 400 miles. Those who needed this medical service most were not in a position to assist it. Those who didn't need it saw no reason for it. The pedal wireless set had been invented to bring communication to the "outback" but in most cases, bush doctors or nurses on horseback were too slow to bring help in emergencies.

Through valient sacrifice on the part of their members, the CWA was able to give Dr. Flynn £1,000 to help establish the first flying doctor base at Broken Hill, an impetus that made the missionary's dream possible. The first planes were rickety discards practically held together by shoe laces but the work they did engendered enthusiastic public support. Today seven bases cover every corner of Australia. In 1950 the flying doctors covered 241,000 miles on 618 mercy flights, saving hundreds of lives.

While the flying doctor service was groping its way toward its present efficiency, the CWA saw the need for bush nurses, dauntless young women who could serve the "outback." By 1923 the Association was supporting the first two of these "nursing valkyries," as the members called them. Soon they could send others to remote parts of the country and provide them with cottages, from which they rode hundreds of miles bringing medical care and advice to isolated women and children.

IN pre-Country Women's Association days, only the cities had baby health centers and the introduction of these to rural communities was another of the group's early efforts. Now at 156 points throughout New South Wales are these comforting clinics to which mothers can bring their infants for checkups, examination and inoculations. The Association staffs and houses these clinics.

Mrs. Munro focussed her attention on the members themselves. "Here they were," she explained, "many of them living on stations 1,100 square miles. Except for our monthly meetings, which some of them couldn't attend very often, they never saw another woman. Loneliness and despondency gnawed at them, even when they were working 18 hours a day, caring for their children, helping their husbands with the lambing, or cooking six meals a day for the shearing gangs.

"The husbands in most cases couldn't realize how incredibly grim

their wives' lives were. Sometimes for eight or nine months the whole country, sweltering in terrific heat, is burned up in a drought with no green things to balance the diet, or even look at. This monotony and hard work has made many, many of our brave women either give up or break down."

Bring them to the sea, and the green, lush coastal places, was the solution that came to Mrs. Munro's mind. Once more she took to the road, looking for pleasant places for seaside homes. Once more she stormed into parliament, asking for grants of land. By 1923 she had raised some \$7,500 to buy a brick cottage at a seaside suburb of Sydney, and the first tired mothers with their children, were brought for a holiday. The cooking was done for them, the children looked after, while the mothers relaxed and feasted their eyes on the sea and flowers and trees, things many of them had never seen before.

The first guest house was called Keera House, after Mrs. Munro's own home. Today the small cottage is replaced by a modern brick hotel which can accommodate hundreds of guests each year. Another seaside resort has been established at Newcastle as well as a mountain resort rest home.

The CWA has also succeeded in securing reduced railway fares for the families, who pay a minimum charge for accommodation at the resorts. Life in the "outback" can be as shattering for bodies as for mind, and the little children suffer most. Their early symptoms, often neglected, develop into dangerous diseases. The unbalanced diet of the isolated regions leads to dietary deficiency ills.

Realization of this led the CWA to plunge into the Far West Children's scheme. Through this scheme, now operated by the government but still supported by the organization, when mothers and children were brought to the rest homes, they were given a complete medical checkup, dental work was done, and necessary treatments given until the disability has been arrested. Rickets is very prevalent amongst the children.

Australia's unpopulated, lonely distances, had posed another problem for the mother of the family. Sudden rains can turn the sun-baked earth into an impassable quagmire, so what of the woman awaiting the birth of another child? If she left the flight to the hospital too long, when the time came, it might be impossible to get truck, car or horse through.

As the CWA saw it, hostels were the answer. Near maternity hospitals they have established homes for waiting mothers. A caretaker is in charge of the homey cottages to which a woman may come when she feels the birth of her child is approaching. With the fear of being cut off from doctors by storms gone, she can rest comfortably until the time to move to the hospital.

Where does it stop, this story of what the Country Women have done for Australia?

"We're always looking for new projects," explained Margaret McCallum, permanent secretary of the organization in Sydney. "So very often after we have started something, the government sees its value and takes over, then we can turn our attention to something else."

It is largely due to the lobbying and (Please turn to page 40)

A Salad a Day

Add color and appetite appeal to summer meals with salads made from your garden vegetables

by LILLIAN VIGRASS

IN the garden the salad vegetables are at their best right now. There are home-grown tomatoes ripened in the sun, crisp, cool cucumbers, tender carrots and firm, green heads of cabbage, as well as the last of the heads of lettuce, green onions and perhaps some late radish, water cress or parsley. Add to this the fresh fruits and berries and you have the makings of a new and different salad for every day—just for the gathering.

Collect the vegetables just before meal time. Wash them well in ice-cold water and shake dry in a tea towel. For a tossed green salad tear, rather than cut, the greens into small, uniform pieces. No salad is appetizing if the pieces are so fine the salad is soggy or the dressing wet.

For a combination salad plate cut the vegetables in new and different shapes—match-like strips of carrot or carrot curls, radish roses or slices, turnip rings and sticks, mounds of potato or salmon salad on lettuce leaves and stuffed or sliced tomatoes. Arrange the various parts of the salad on a large serving plate, each mound or group separated by sprigs of parsley, radish roses or celery curls. You have a complete meal on one plate—different, cool and appetizing.

Keep the salad that accompanies the main dish cool and light with plenty of crisp greens, fresh, ripe tomatoes and cool cucumbers. The dressing, too, should be light and refreshing. French dressing is most popular with a tossed salad but it goes equally well with other side salads.

But when the salad is the main part of the meal make it hearty. Serve with the fresh vegetables such foods as hard-cooked eggs, cottage cheese, cream or cheddar cheese, salmon, tuna, potato salad, minced ham, diced chicken or another meat. The dressing can add an extra zip to the salad. Use various boiled dressings or mayonnaise and add to them such specialties as cream cheese, grated cheddar or crumbled blue cheese, whipped cream, chopped parsley, chopped hard-cooked eggs, chopped pickle, tomato catsup, chopped nuts or even peanut butter.

Salad Suggestions

Shredded cabbage, diced or crushed pineapple and boiled salad dressing.

Shredded cabbage, shredded carrot, slivered green pepper and peanut butter dressing.

Match-like strips of celery and shredded raw carrot in lettuce cups with cream cheese dressing.

Sliced tomatoes topped with a mound of well-seasoned cottage cheese on lettuce leaves. Pass boiled dressing.

Shredded lettuce, chopped parsley, chopped egg, chopped cooked beets and boiled dressing.

Slices of pickled beets and cucumbers on lettuce with French dressing.

Tossed Green Salad

| | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------|
| ½ lb. tender spinach leaves | 2 T. chopped parsley |
| 1 small head lettuce | 1 egg, hard cooked |
| 1 large cucumber | ¼ tsp. dry mustard |
| 1 bunch radishes | ¼ tsp. pepper |
| ½ green pepper | ½ tsp. paprika |
| 2 or 3 stalks celery | 1 tsp. salt |
| 1 onion, thinly sliced | ¼ c. vinegar |
| | ½ c. salad oil |

Mash hard-cooked egg yolk. Combine with seasonings. Stir in vinegar and oil. Chop egg white and add with parsley. Beat dressing well. Peel and slice cucumber and onion. Slice radishes. Cut celery into match-like strips; cut pepper into tiny slivers. Place in a large bowl. Tear spinach and lettuce into bite-size pieces, place in bowl. Toss lightly. Stir dressing well and pour over salad. Toss lightly again. Serve at once. Serves 6 to 8.

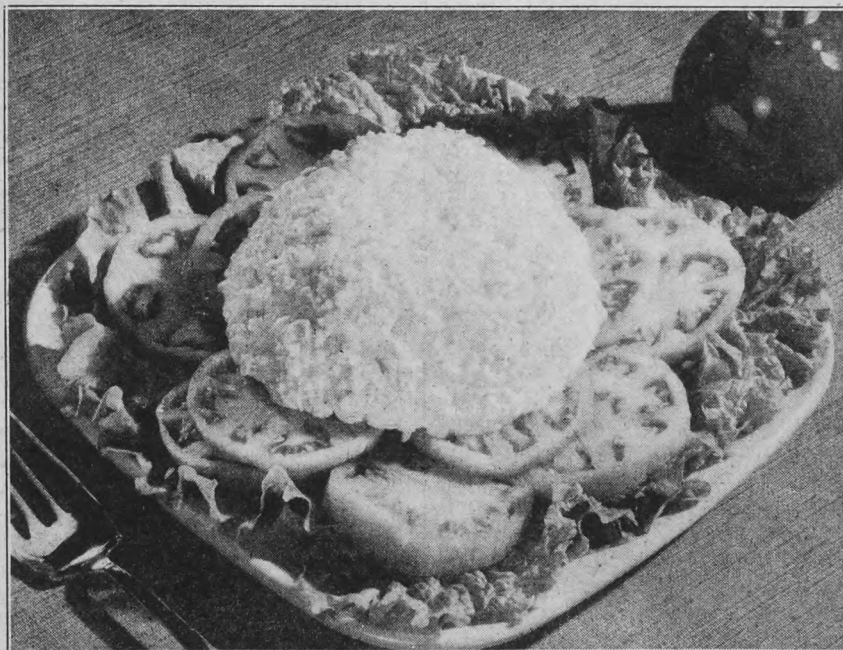
Health Salad

| | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1¼ c. shredded cabbage | ¼ c. raisins |
| 1¼ c. diced, unpeeled apples | ¼ c. shredded carrots |
| ¾ c. cooked prunes | ¼ c. nuts |
| | ¼ to ½ c. dressing |

Plump raisins by pouring boiling water over them. Let stand few minutes until plump; drain well and dry. Cut up cooked prunes; chop nuts. Toss together all ingredients. Serve immediately.

Cottage Cheese Salad

Allow about ¼ c. cottage cheese per serving. Moisten cheese with cream, season with salt and pepper; add chopped radish, chive, pickles or green or red peppers, as desired. Press individual portions in wet custard cups to form a mold; invert on lettuce. Add a dash of paprika. Serve with boiled dressing.



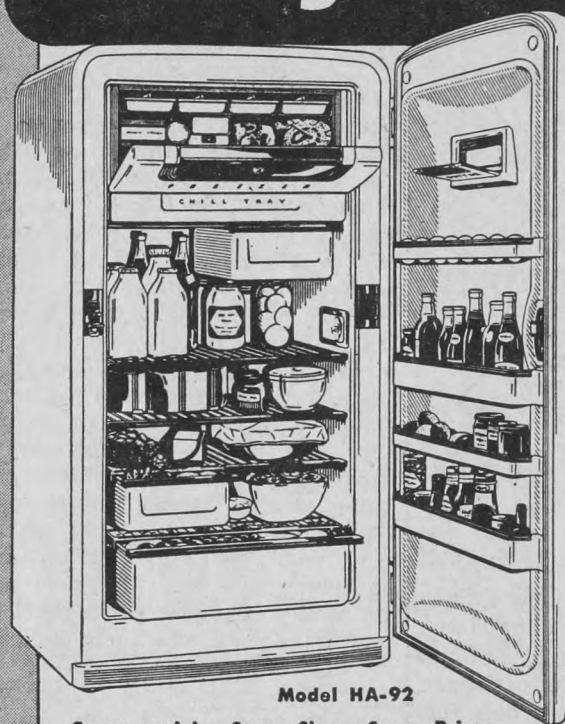
Slices of tomato topped with cottage cheese make a colorful supper salad.

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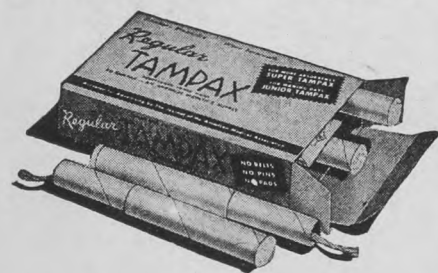
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Sunday on the Farm

Plans worked out after giving the subject
some thought produce happy results

by MARION HISLOP

SUNDAY was given us by the Lord as a day of rest and is, in my opinion, one of our best gifts.

Sunday in the country in the summer can be a day to stroll about and enjoy one's kingdom; listening to the birds in the trees; looking at the wee calves in the pasture; the blooms on the flowers; enjoying the good things of farm life that a busy week causes us to pass over with a hasty glance. On the other hand it can be a day when your numerous town and country friends think it is a fine time to visit you and enjoy a day in the country and your company. The result is you find your nice Sunday consisting of food (with a capital F) and dish washing with snatches of conversation and laughter thrown in.

The strenuous Sunday does not appeal to me, and that sort of Sunday is just about every Sunday in summer unless we get away from home first. I decided it was up to me to do something about it. So I took paper and pencil and tried to work out some sort of plan to go by. First I set myself a questionnaire, here it is:

Q. Do you honestly object to your friends coming to see you on Sundays and enjoying a day in the country?

A. No. I like to see my friends and enjoy their company. So does my husband. The trouble is I have to work so hard and spend so much time preparing meals I haven't time to enjoy their company.

Q. Would you rather get up early on Sunday, get your work done and get away to the golf course, beach or some other place, as a means of escaping this work?

A. Only occasionally. I like Sundays at home, or would if I could manage better.

Q. Isn't the answer there? Better management?

A. Yes, it must be. I will do something about it.

Sitting nibbling my pencil didn't get much result. But as I went about my day's work I turned the matter over in my mind and finally came to a decision. Two things which made a great deal of work were meals and my friends' children making ducks and drakes of a lot of things, cushions, rugs, etc.

Sunday dinner took a lot of thinking over. We have always been in the habit of having a large, hot dinner at two o'clock—husband and I had been brought up on it. It isn't the same in the country as in town. You can't get up and have a leisurely breakfast anywhere from ten to twelve and not eat dinner until five-thirty or six, thus getting away with two meals. Breakfast comes too early on account of chores, particularly the milking. True, this chore is done later than through the week, but not that much later, and supper comes just the same on Sunday, maybe at seven or eight, but it still comes.

I decided the hot Sunday dinner, as such, would have to go. This would not be a popular move with the company, especially the country company and would take some winning-over of the good man. I felt

equal to dealing with the latter and as for the former they would just have to become accustomed to it. Very well then, how to go about it. Food there must be and lots of it. It must be got ready on Saturday and must also be of the stretchable variety. One never knows how many there may be for meals on Sunday. Supper is likely to be served to a larger number than dinner but is easier to prepare being a cold meal.

It worked out like a lot of other things, with a bit of compromise.

A large roast of meat, any variety, or a roaster of fowl, cooked on Saturday while the cookstove is on would form the backbone of the dinner, with abundance of gravy made and put in a saucepan ready to heat. Next came vegetables from the garden, picked, washed, prepared and stored in the refrigerator or basement and a large pot of potatoes, cooked, cooled and likewise put where it is cool; several pies, a large cake or batch of cookies, biscuits or buns. The dinner would be cold meat or fowl, hot gravy, fried potatoes with a couple of other vegetables (one cooked, one raw), pickles, buns and pie. I could get that meal in half an hour with no fuss.

So far so good, now for supper. This meal had better center around a salad, a salad moreover that could be made to serve six or a dozen, as the case might be, and yet not be wasteful. I decided on canned salmon or some other fish as main item. As many cans could be opened as are needed. On Saturday I would hard-boil a dozen eggs. Chopped, they are grand stretchers for a salad and combine well with any fish. Extra ones can be set around the edge of the dish. With a dab of salad dressing on them they will be tasty. Add to the fish a bit of minced onion, any cold peas, carrots, or such that may have been left over from dinner and there it is. If the eggs are peeled, covered with wax paper or one of those plastic covers and stored in a cool place they will take no hurt from being cooked the day before. Be sure, while you are in the cooking business on Saturday that you have ample salad dressing on hand.

A plate of green onions, radishes and crisp lettuce goes well with this salad and can all be got ready on Saturday. Stored in a crock with a lid or just wrapped in wax paper they are, if anything, improved. Buns or biscuits, brown bread, fruit and cake or cookies would round off this meal very nicely. It could be prepared while the kettle is put to boil.

Now for the house. I made a tour of inspection and looked for things that attract small fry and yet could be dispensed with. My nicest and least washable cushions can go in a bedroom box, small breakable or easily soiled knickknacks could be put away on a shelf in the cupboard or clothes closet and I promised myself to purchase a piece of plastic tablecloth large enough to cover the table pulled out full length. After some calculation I decided I could afford slip covers for the chesterfield and large chairs, the "knitted cotton, elastic weave"



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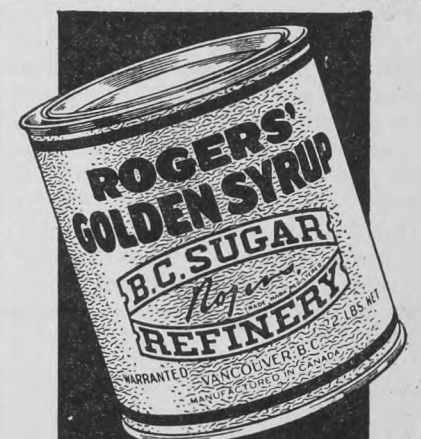
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variety that takes no ironing and is easily washed.

I am not fond of cleaning the rug in the living room so why not take it up for the summer and lay a congo-lem square in its place? Cookie crumbs (and what we one doesn't get hungry between meals) would be no trick to clean up. Yes, it might be well worth the outlay and also make a pleasant change.

Next I viewed the verandah with an eye to making it more inviting and thus save muss in the house. This is what I came up with. A couch, old but serviceable, to be covered first with a

ground sheet or piece of oilcloth, then covered with a gay Indian blanket with cushions of bright but not light color; two or three chairs, preferably old wicker or those nice metal lawn chairs that give a bit as one leans back, covered with thin cushions to make for more comfortable sitting; a small table or fixed-up box conveniently placed with ashtrays and lighter. In case of a rain taking in the blanket and cushions would be all that was necessary, nothing else would take hurt.

So here I am now, looking forward with pleasure to friends coming to see us on the beautiful summer days.

Jellymaking Tactics

The reasons for suggested methods of jellymaking

THE homemaker will be proud of the jelly she makes if it is clear and sparkling, if it has a fresh, fruit-like flavor and if it is stiff enough to hold its shape when taken from the glass.

To make good jelly the fruit juice must contain sufficient pectin and also some acid. The juice from apples, blackberries, cranberries, currants, gooseberries, grapes, sour plums and raspberries, if they are underripe, have good jellymaking properties. Oranges have enough pectin but not always enough acid. Most of the other common fruits lack sufficient quantity or quality of pectin for jelly and some also the necessary acid. All overripe fruits make poor jelly as the pectin has changed to a non-jelling substance. A commercial pectin added to the fruit juice, in every case, will make a well-set jelly. Use either the powdered or liquid form and for best results follow carefully the directions included in the package.

Pectin is the substance in growing plants that cements together the cell walls and therefore is part of the fruit pulp. To extract it with the juice, heat the fruit with a minimum of water. It must not be overcooked, however, as too high a temperature, before the sugar is added, will destroy the pectin. If the proportion of pectin in the fruit juice is too small the juice must be boiled down until the concentration is right for jellymaking. This is always done after the sugar has been added.

It is now considered wiser, however, to use a commercial pectin than to boil the fruit juice for any long period of time. In this way the fresh, natural flavor and pleasant color of the original juice are maintained. More jelly is produced from the same amount of juice, hence the resulting product is no more expensive than the "boiled-down" jelly. If boiling down is necessary a small quantity boiled rapidly in a wide-topped kettle hastens evaporation.

YOU will notice more sugar is added to the same amount of juice when a commercial pectin is added. This is because the amount of jelly made will be greater and since the percentage of sugar in all jelly is the same more sugar must be used. When any jelly is made it is cooked until a temperature of 217° F. is reached or until it contains about 60 per cent sugar. The syrup then sheets off the spoon and the jelly is ready to pour. A ratio of ¾ cup of sugar for each cup of "boiled-down" juice is considered best for most fruits; and

cane and beet sugar serve equally well. Too much sugar in a jelly gives a syrupy or sticky consistency and may cause it to flatten out. Too little sugar results in a tough or rubbery product. Too little sugar is always better than too much.

An acid fruit is required since jelly is formed by the combined action of acid and sugar on the pectin. Acid in the form of lemon juice may be added to a very mild fruit if necessary. Less sugar is needed for the formation of jelly with an acid juice. The acid also increases the firmness of the jelly and hastens the rate of setting.

Too much acid, however, in a fruit will cause the jelly to "weep." Syneresis, as "weeping" is technically called, is most common in cranberry jelly. Oddly enough, it never occurs in a citrus fruit jelly or gooseberry jelly, both of which are very acid. The addition of a less acid juice to the cranberry juice will probably help prevent this formation of liquid on the jelly, as will a slower cooling and setting of the jelly. There must also be other unknown causes for "weeping" jelly as some years it is much more common than others.

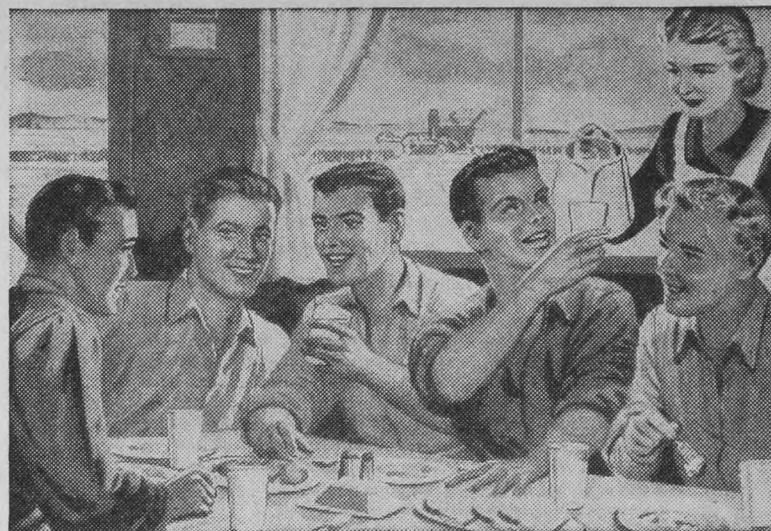
Lumpy jelly is due to the too rapid setting of the jelly and is often caused by excess acid in the fruit juice. The lumps are formed when the pouring is done after the jelly has begun to set.

If a jelly is runny or syrupy after cooling it has either had too much sugar added or insufficient pectin. If it is made from a fruit high in pectin add more juice, but no sugar, to the jelly and reboil it for a few moments. If the juice is not rich in pectin add a juice of high pectin content or add a commercial pectin and reboil for a short time. Do not, however, add more sugar. Tests have proved that the addition of table salt to the fruit juice will prevent jelly formation.

When a jelly is too tough it is probable the juice has been boiled too long and that insufficient sugar was added to the juice. Reheat the jelly with added fruit juice and an extra amount of sugar. Do not overcook it.

A jelly that will not set is usually caused by insufficient pectin in the juice. Do not continue to boil it but rather add commercial pectin to the jelly when reheated. If it is a fruit juice that is high in pectin try adding the juice of a lemon, reheat and let it set.

A fruit juice which contains starch will cause the jelly to appear cloudy. As the fruit matures there is less starch present and the jelly made from it will be much clearer.



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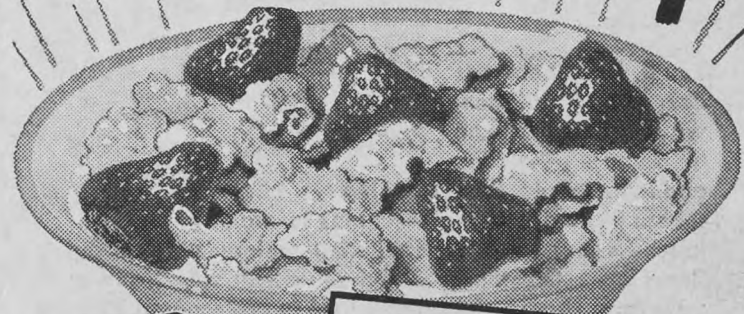


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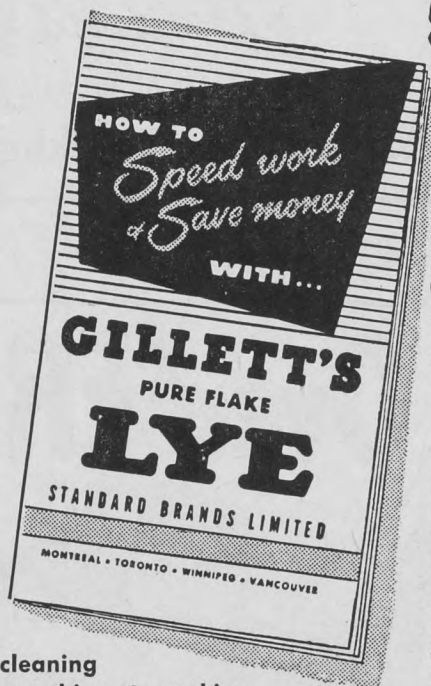
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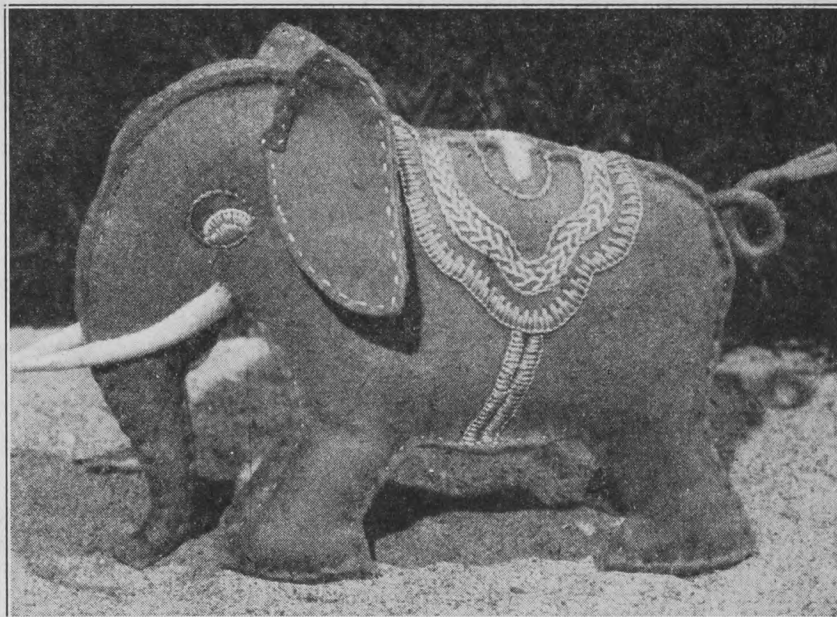
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Design No. K-58.

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The pattern is No. K-58, price 25 cents.



Country Women

Continued from page 36

campaigning of the members that so many isolated homes now have touch with the outside world through pedal wireless. Not only can help be called in an emergency but a lonely woman may call her neighbor for a chat.

The Association is also campaigning for more government assistance in bringing water and electricity to rural homes.

That their children may have as good an education as possible is the dream of women in Australia. As in Canada, thousands of Australian young people are educated by correspondence courses, but these cannot replace higher education and the influence of a good teacher.

At seven points in the state, the CWA has established school hostels where country girls may live, while they attend high or technical schools. Without these centers, the young students couldn't afford to live away from home, and valuable talent would go untrained. At the Darlingurst Club in Sydney, where the students pay about \$7 a week board, young brains

are turning themselves to all manner of professions, from medicine and dentistry to aeronautical engineering.

Hospitals, hostels, rest homes, medical centers, how do they support them?

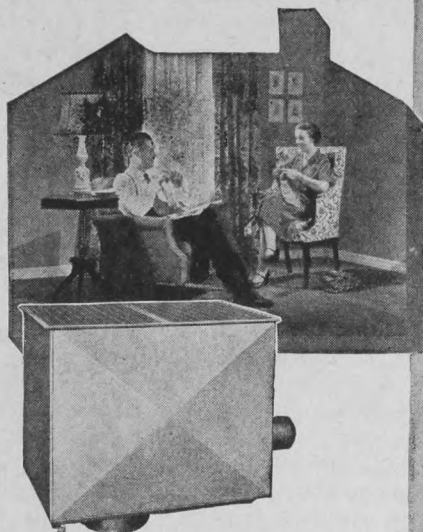
"By sacrifice and hard work," said Mrs. Munro, her mouth a determined line. Even belonging to a branch may mean sacrifice. The president of one group in the far west drives a truck 80 miles to meetings, and she's usually done a day's work before she starts. She is putting her five children through their schooling by correspondence courses as well as doing a man's job in helping her husband outside.

These busy women organize teas, dances, bazaars, cookery contests. Weary hands work far into the night, embroidering tablecloths and other linen to keep stocked their various establishments.

But there's joy in that work, members will tell you, the joy of friendship and working together in a common cause. The benefits the CWA has brought Australian women are not all tangible ones.

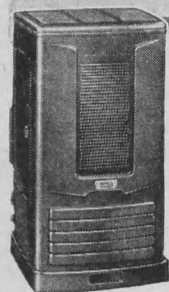
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ments," confirmed Mrs. Munro. To the monotony of a life of hard work, the Association has brought color and interest. Mrs. Munro started the first rural library at Keera, and now 68 bush book clubs circulate books to country homes where once the local paper was the only reading material.

Farm life, as in Canada, isn't drudgery all year, and to fill empty days and long evenings, home industries have been stimulated. Travelling instructors are sent out to teach women who have little beauty in their lives to create beautiful things. Most of them have always been skilled needlewomen but they are now being taught the use of color and materials, where once they embroidered in harsh, jarring colors on calico. They have been taught to weave baskets, for their babies, and other household uses. They have been taught to card, weave and spin the wool of their own sheep for knitting.

With thousands of immigrants and displaced persons arriving annually in Australia, study courses are both giving the women a greater understanding of their new neighbors, and a broader outlook.

EACH month a friendly, interesting magazine, *The Country Woman*, arrives at rural homes. It tells the work of the Association's branches, provides fiction and article reading. Also once a year it devotes an issue to a foreign country and its way of life, including recipes. Each branch, once a year, has an International Day when, if possible, members wear the costumes of that country, listen to the music and stories of that country, taste some of its national dishes.

Mrs. Munro, white-haired and wrinkled now, looked weary after we had talked throughout one Sunday morning about the achievements of her brainchild which she had guided through its early years. Weary, but satisfied too, she seemed as she reviewed its progress until today when it has 26,500 members in 483 branches, and has spread to two other Australian states where Victoria has 28,000 members and Queensland, 26,500.

"Now that you've retired from sheep ranching, and from the CWA, you can relax," I suggested.

Mrs. Munro sat up with a jerk. "Relax, nothing!" she snapped. "Do you think I've lost my sense of adventure? I was born and lived most of my life on a sheep station. My life has always been full of activity. I won't stop now."

Then she told me how, since she moved into the city, she has explored into almost every corner of the South Pacific and India. She has travelled over the Kyber Pass, this slim woman in blue sweater and grey skirt; has explored to the head of the Seepik River in New Guinea, the only woman to venture that far into the head hunters' country. Only last year when on a junket through the south sea islands, the flying boat in which she was travelling from Tahiti crash landed and she spent hours in a rubber dinghy in a shark-infested sea.

"Just trying to decide where I'll go next," said the 73-year-old woman. "Maybe it should be Canada."

It's easy to see the high sense of adventure and energy that Mrs. Grace Munro had to infuse into the Country Women's Association.

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B.C. Letter

Continued from page 6

cussions. People who haven't paid the premiums and are now in arrears for a substantial sum are afraid to take jobs for which they are best suited because they think that they would automatically be "found out" and sued by the government as soon as they registered for employment.

To relieve this situation there has been talk of the government being lenient toward such delinquents, in which event, of course, the people who have been faithfully paying would have a reasonable complaint.

The grain business through British Columbia ports this year has been at an unusually high level; in fact, the movement hit a 15-year high during June with the export of more than 9,000,000 bushels and it was significant that such a total was not surpassed even during the war years.

At this writing the British Columbia grain export total is already ahead of the grand total at the close of last year when some 62,000,000 bushels were loaded outwards. Grain men now estimate that the total for this season will probably be more than 70,000,000 bushels.

Shipments to the Far East account for most of the gain this year. Canada's grain is being used to stabilize the food supply of Japan and India, and more than 10,000,000 bushels have been shipped through Vancouver to those countries so far this year—more than double the export to that quarter last year.

It may be significant that for the first time since before the war more British ships than American have loaded deep sea freight here, third place being held by Norway and fourth by Canada. One of the main factors accounting for the earlier dominance of American ships was the heavy movement of lumber to the Atlantic seaboard states, but the demand for lumber in the United States has slackened off recently, and during the next few months the United Kingdom will be taking a larger proportion of this province's offshore lumber trade.

Peace Tower

Continued from page 4

costly enough to scare off many a buyer. Above all, we are stopping people from fighting each other for hard-to-get goods. For instance, for

five years now, there have been more customers than cars. Ergo—we fight each other for cars, line up, take months to get one, accept what is offered us. The government through law make cars more costly; presto, overnight, there are all kinds of cars available now. Why? This is a calculated deflation, an inspired depression. Today, there are more cars than buyers; before budget, there were more buyers than cars. It worked quickly with automobiles.

I do not expect my readers to agree that the government is right. I am not saying they are. I am merely trying to interpret what it seems to me the Liberals are doing. Many indeed favor controls. The government has said: No.

So we are having what I am calling a Calculated Depression. This is really the hottest story out of Ottawa. The high cost of living has already cost the Grits four federal by-elections, one Saskatchewan provincial election. They'll lose and lose and lose till they get this cost of living down. With any luck, the living index may begin to show signs of falling by the time parliament meets. But if the Liberals cannot get the cost of living down, it will be slow music for them!

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Issued by the authority of Hon. Paul Martin,
Minister of National Health and Welfare,
OTTAWA, CANADA

Vets in the Bush

Continued from page 9

It's a good guess that the critics are going to be very quiet about it for these balance sheets are going to be effective co-operative propaganda. Some of these farms are not ready yet for this acid test. Three of them, Willowdale, Pleasant Acres and Woodlands have not yet harvested their first crop. Papikwan Farm is only in the organization stage. One other started its business life with last year's ruinous crop. Only half of them had any income before the salvage efforts of last autumn. But take financial statements like that of River Bend, oldest of them all, which has had two normal crops, and last year's unusual failure. In that time it has doubled its assets; its operators have had \$100 a month in wages in every year, plus a bonus in the first two years; and it has increased its crop acreage from the 1,000 acres broken by the government, prior to incorporation, to 2,500!

OF the co-operators themselves every man jack of them has had farming experience and they are not going to make the mistakes of novices. They are already quite conscious that the north country is more susceptible to soil erosion, once the trees are gone, than the south country which some of them quit because of that bugbear. It is only natural in these years when their cash position is so precarious that they should crop the land for all it is worth, yet already they have commenced sowing sweet clover for green manure in fields as large as 250 acres. They number among them men like Bob Marrison who know full well

the advantages of strip cropping and tree protection to keep down erosion losses. They have the know-how, they control acreages on a community scale, and they ought soon to have the financial strength for the adoption of conservation measures not always available to individual farmers.

There are men even among the co-operators who would prefer the freedom of private ownership to group farming if they had the means to make an adequate start on the land without assuming too much debt. One of them, whose record before joining the organization makes him look like a winner, and who was a severe critic of group farming before he became converted, was quite frank about it. But he returned to the observation with which this article began. "How else can a young fellow with limited funds make a start when the price level is so high?"

Everywhere among them you will find a complete absence of idealistic sentimentality. They are no missionaries of Rochdale, no doctrinaires. They are not concerned with founding a new economic order. They are avowedly ambitious individuals involved in a cold-blooded business arrangement which happens to require a number of partners.

"What is to keep these co-op farms together after they have achieved financial independence?" one of them was asked, "or will they then break up into privately owned units?"

"I am convinced that we will continue as co-operatives," was his ready answer, "because we are learning more and more of the economies that can be effected by this type of organization."



Summer piling (above) collects a great deal more earth than winter piling (below). Jackson Smith, foreman, and Harold Chapman (with camera) at the Saskatchewan government land clearing camp, Carrot River.

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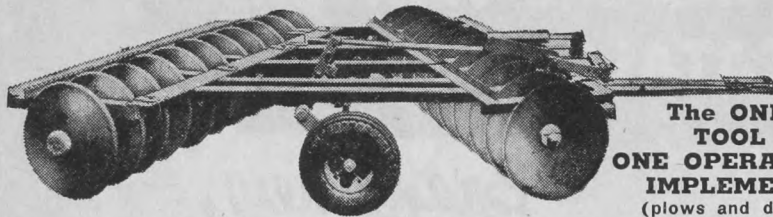
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The Country

DID you ever imagine that eyes were staring at you from a hollow tree as you passed by? More than likely you were right. Who lives there? Although the tree is dead yet many animals and birds have found it the very best place to make a home. An owl looks out from a knothole high up in the tree or perhaps a noisy flicker screams at you as he flies up to his nest hole far above. A family of bats hanging by their feet with their heads down, sleep all day through in an opening in the hollow trunk. When night comes they fly silently off to hunt for insects, but these bats will return at the first sign of daylight.



At the bottom of the tree is a cave-like opening and if we could follow it downwards we would likely find that a woodchuck or skunk had made a tunnel down in the large roots where he sleeps. Thousands of insects are moving through the loose wood of the old hollow tree and those claw marks you

see on the trunk may be the marks of a raccoon. A family of bees long ago had stored a hive of honey in the tree for we can see, from a hole in the tree cut by an axe, that some person had found their honey and carried it off. Woodpeckers, mice, porcupines and squirrels make their homes in hollow trees.

A hollow tree is like an apartment with people living in it. No, a hollow tree isn't dead — it's very much alive!

Ann Sankey



Patsy's Pig

by Mary Grannan

PATSY'S pig's picture was in the paper. He was a hero, and this is how it all happened. Patsy had longed for a pet for many months, and when her birthday was just around the corner, Patsy's mother said to Patsy's father, "I think that the thing to give Patsy for her birthday is some live creature that she can play with. What do you think about the idea?"

"I think it's a very fine one," said Mr. Pepper. "She's been wishing for a pet so long, that I think her birthday is just the time to make her wish come true."

Mrs. Pepper agreed. "Then will you look after it, dear? What do you think we should get for her? A dog, a cat, a bird? What would be best?"

Mr. Pepper pondered a few seconds, and then smiling, he said, "I think Patsy should decide what she wants. Let us leave the money for a pet on her plate the morning of her birthday. She'd enjoy choosing her own pet. She can go to the market, or to a pet shop and look around before she makes up her mind."

That settled the matter of Patsy's pet, and on the morning of her birthday, she found a fat white envelope on her plate. Excitedly, she opened it, to read the little verse which said:

"Happy birthday from dad and mummy,

This is your happy birthday money
We'd like you to buy yourself a pet
We didn't know just what kind to get . . .

So choose for yourself, a cat or dog . . .
(Of course we hope you don't buy a frog)

So off to the market you go with your money . . .

Again . . . Happy birthday, Patsy, honey."

Patsy laughed merrily at the funny little verse, and she kissed her mother and her father, and then hurried to eat her breakfast that she might be off to buy her birthday pet.

She had not made up her mind when she reached the market, but she was singing happily, "What'll I get for a pet today . . . A little dog who would run and play . . . a little rabbit with ears so pink . . . no a little cat . . . that's what I think . . . perhaps a canary that's pretty and yellow . . . No, he stays in a cage."

Patsy stopped in her tracks. She heard a funny friendly little squeal, coming from one of the market stalls. She went in the direction of the sound, and there she saw a little pink pig. He was spotlessly clean, and his little tail curled up like a corkscrew. He wiggled his little snout at Patsy, and she laughed. The farmer who owned the little pig came toward the little girl.

"Good morning," he said. "Could I sell you a nice little pig this morning?"

"I don't know," said Patsy slowly. "I came to the market to buy a pet. It's my birthday. I have some birthday money, and I like the pig, but I guess he wouldn't be a very good pet, would he? Little pigs are rather stupid, aren't they? I'd like a little pet who would go walking with me, and who'd learn some tricks, and who'd be nice and clean."

The farmer smiled down on the little girl. "Little pigs make fine pets. They are clever at learning tricks, and they're very clean if you give them a nice clean pen."

"True, true?" said Patsy.

"True, true," said the farmer. They talked together for a few minutes further about the pretty little pig, and then, Patsy bought him.

When Mr. and Mrs. Pepper saw Patsy coming up the walk, leading a little pig, they cried out in dismay. "Oh," cried Patsy's mother. "We should have known better. A pig! You'll have to take it back right away," she said, turning to her husband.

Patsy was heartbroken when she learned how her mother and father felt about her choice of birthday pet. She sobbed out her disappointment. "But please . . . please let me keep

Boy and Girl

him for my birthday . . . just for today, let me keep him."

Her mother and father agreed to that. "But in the morning," said Mr. Pepper, "back to the market he goes."

Patsy nodded her head, sadly. "Come on Percy," she said to the little pig. "I named him Percy on the way home," she explained to her mother and father. "Come on Percy, I'll take you for a walk. I think Percy'd like to see the lake, don't you?"

"I think so, dear," said Mrs. Pepper. "Don't go out on the bluffs too far. The ground often caves in on the bluffs."

Patsy promised to be careful. When she reached the bluffs, however, she noticed a clump of brown-eyed Susans, growing on the bluff's edge.

"Aren't they pretty, Percy? I'll get those for mummy," Patsy said. She reached for them. The ground gave way and Patsy went tumbling to the beach below.

Percy Pig stood waiting for his little mistress to return, but when she did not, he scrambled down to her. She was lying, face in the mud, and very still. He rooted around until he cleared the earth away from her face. But still she did not speak to him. With all the speed his short little legs could muster, he ran back to the house. He squealed outside the kitchen door until Mrs. Pepper opened it.

"Percy," she said, "You can't come in here. You're covered with mud. Where's Patsy?"

And then Mrs. Pepper sensed what had happened. She followed the little pig to the beach and found the little girl.

It was then that Percy became a hero. It was that night that his picture was in the paper. That evening he learned that he was going to stay with Patsy, forever.

Birds of the Prairies

No. 1

SUDDENLY up from the tall grass flutters a bird, almost under your feet. You catch a glimpse of white feathers, a short, wide tail, a yellow throat with a black bib—"a meadowlark," you shout! Every boy and girl knows this bird of the prairies and has heard its song of gladness in the early spring. Have you tried to imitate its song? Did it seem to say, "Hip! Hip! Hurrah! boys, three cheers!" or "Sweet spring is here—spring o' the year." Our meadowlark of the prairies is called the Western meadowlark and although it looks very much like the Eastern meadowlark yet its song is very different. Our Western meadowlark sings more sweetly, a rich strong whistled tune, while the Eastern meadowlark's song is a mellow piping—like two people speaking different languages.



In thick grass or weeds you will find the nest of the meadowlark built with a little verandah roof over it to hide it from sight. As you come near, the meadowlark will quietly run along in the grass away from her nest for her head and back are the color of dead grass and she is well hidden. Then up she flies with quick wing beats.

Here are directions for coloring the meadowlark: throat, breast and small spot in front of the eye—bright yellow. Horseshoe mark on breast is black. Crown, back of head, back and tail are very light brown with black pencil lines. A small edge of white will show on the side of the tail feathers and the bill and feet should be colored dark cream. The eggs are white speckled with purple and brown.—A. T.



National Audubon Society illustration.

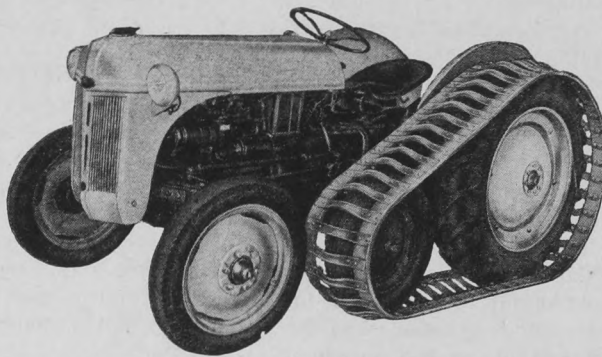
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VOL. LXX WINNIPEG, AUGUST, 1951 No. 8

The July Rate Increase

With every round in freight rate increases the confidence of the western shipper in the Board of Transport Commissioners suffers another relapse. On July 5, that body authorized a further interim rate increase of 12 per cent which, it is estimated, will cost the public another \$54 million. The railways' demand was for a 19 per cent increase to satisfy their desire for a revenue expansion of \$89 million. The Board will hold another hearing in November to dispose of the case completely.

The western shippers' dissatisfaction with the judgment arises from the Board's apparent disregard for the recommendations filed by the Turgeon Royal Commission in March. That very thorough inquiry condemned the method of horizontal increases which, after repeated sanction by the Board, has worked so inequitably against long-haul shippers. It specifically called for some effort on the part of the Transport Board to equalize rates as between East and West.

The Turgeon Commission Report might as well never have been written so far as the award of July 5 is concerned. The interim increase is to be permissive, not mandatory. The railways may apply it where they choose. This means that the western shipper, already paying high rates, will feel the full impact of the increase. The eastern shipper benefited by lower competitive rates will continue to be sheltered from the blast. The discrimination between East and West will be increased instead of lessened.

Shippers are also sharply critical of the railways' estimates of the revenues they are going to require. Last year C.P.R. net earnings were \$38 million, as against \$18 million in the previous year. There is currently a healthy traffic increase which will tend to improve the position of both carriers still further this year, and will provide some of the revenue covered by the rate increase applied for.

It may be said that the advance just authorized is subject to review in November, at which time the Board may put into force some of the Turgeon Commission recommendations. That argument will not console western shippers in the light of the postwar record of rate hearings. The time to have done so was when the award was drafted. In the meantime the increases go into effect and the discrimination against western shippers is made more burdensome.

The Battle against Inflation

Whatever may come out of the Kaesong peace talks, their timing has been unfortunate in one respect. The measures by which the Truman administration is endeavoring to combat inflation in the United States rested on the Defence Production Act which was due to expire on June 30. The administration supporters did everything in their power to have the Act renewed and strengthened. Congress, wallowing in a sea of unfinished business, delayed until the eleventh hour.

Then the news from Korea broke. Even without MacArthur the politicians could see "the boys home by Christmas." In a triumph of hope over head work, the legislators visualized an easing in the cold war, rearmament relegated to a lower order of priority, and with that change, a great lessening in inflationary tendencies.

Consequently, when the Act was renewed at the last moment the administration was shorn of powers it had deemed necessary to control certain inflationary trends. Price cuts involving \$5 billion, which were scheduled to go into effect July 2 were cancelled. It is estimated that this Congressional decision will involve a further increase of six per cent in the American cost of living. Because of the

inescapable effect of American price changes on the Canadian economy, this purely American development will spread its ripples into this country.

Apart from the military danger of too early relaxation in the cold war, any defeat on the front against inflation is highly regrettable. The tone of responsible public utterances on both sides of the Atlantic shows that the ghost of run-away inflation has not yet been laid. The temporary halt in price rises in the early summer, caused by credit restrictions and the consequent liquidation of heavy inventories, is deceptive. Even if hostilities end in Korea, there are plenty of incipient fires elsewhere, fanned if not started by Communists. Rearmament must proceed as rapidly as the resources of the free nations will permit, and rearmament is a powerful engine of inflation. This is no hour for complacency.

"Farmer's Choice"

Out in Alberta, where even the kindergarten children understand all about money and gold, there will be no mystery about the plight of Canada's gold miners. Elsewhere it is not clearly understood why boom times work such hardship on this extractive industry. The gold miners are making the welkin ring, and their remedy, to allow gold to be sold in a free market, seems so simple that people unaware of the complications are inclined to say "why not?"

But alas, it is not as easy as it sounds. If all restrictions were taken off the price of gold, and it went up in value, it would have a profound effect on all of us. When you pay more dollars for an ounce of gold you advance the price of every other commodity. To raise the price of gold in terms of dollars is to declare that your dollar is not worth as much as you formerly asserted it to be. And as it takes more dollars to buy a given quantity of gold, so too it takes more money to buy wheat, or lumber or a pair of shoes. An increase in the price of gold is a direct measure of inflation.

The Canadian public might become so sympathetic about the difficulties of the gold miner, tied to a fixed price for his product in a time when all his costs have advanced, that it might willingly accept inflation in order to help him out, but that too is largely out of the government's hands. The International Monetary Fund, one of the organs of UN was set up for the express purpose of preventing individual nations from manipulating their currency to the disadvantage of others. None of the member nations can disturb the price of gold without the concurrence of IMF. Ottawa has extended some help to the miners by bonusing high cost producers. Even that is frowned upon by IMF.

The gold miner is in a tight spot. Unlike the merchant he cannot raise the price of his article. Like the farmer in depression times he can either continue to produce at a loss as long as his capital and credit permit, or to quit. The older generation of farmers know how grim that choice can be.

Lest We Remember

Since the St. Laurent government came to power there has been a steady whittling away of any evidence that this country has or ever had any connection with Great Britain. When the title of Dominion of Canada was discarded, the prime minister himself was confronted with a surprised and inquiring House that has the power to do little else than raise its eyebrows. The decision was a matter of no great importance to most Canadians, although it robs us of a useful adjective when we come to speak, for instance, of dominion-provincial relations.

Somewhat later, Hon. Edouard Gabriel Rinfret, postmaster-general, sneaked another change in at the back door with his act to revise the Canadian mail service, which he was obliged to acknowledge to an inquisitive member of the House, ended the use of the term Royal Mail. The latest step is to change the Dominion Elections Act to the Canadian Elections Act.

Next month we expect to find more changes. We shall not be surprised to find that the Royal Canadian Mounted Police will have lost the first word in their proud title which was woven into the his-

tory of the West long before that respected force was used for decorative purposes on Parliament Hill; and the Dominion Experimental Farms which shaped the pioneer agriculture of western Canada will blossom forth under a new name which does not recall its splendid record of service. The Royal Canadian Navy will have the reminder of its prototype struck from its title lest it offend people to whom Trafalgar is a distasteful recollection. The Dominion Archives, which houses the record of the early steps to nationhood, will be called something else, even if the authors of the new order cannot erase the records.

Some people may think that the ruthless obliteration of our historic symbols may be carried out to the end without protest. We venture to suggest that an equally large number of persons will think the present ministry has gone far enough. To be Canadian we account a worthy distinction, but it does not require a denial of all the influences which have guided us thus far along the road to destiny.

A Good Word for Radio

We cannot refrain from extending our congratulations to CBC for the continued high level of excellence of two of its Sunday broadcasting features, Capital Report and Critically Speaking.

In our judgment a high point was reached in the former program by Matthew Halton on July 29 in dealing with the American treaty with Franco Spain. Analyzing a subject as explosive as this one calls for a critical balancing of arguments, completely free from the slightest stain of prejudice. Mr. Halton did not gloss over the unspeakable record which makes Franco's name a by-word in every European capital, and renders him completely unacceptable to them as an ally on any terms. Nor did he fail to appreciate the arguments by which the Pentagon has been persuaded to negotiate a two-power treaty. Mr. Halton's final decision against Franco must have affected the judgment of thousands of his hearers who recognized the scrupulousness of the thinking process by which that decision was reached.

Stuart Keate did equally well with his comments on radio advertising on July 15. It was a long overdue condemnation of the uncontrolled debauchery of taste by unprincipled radio advertisers. The picture drawn by him in his opening paragraphs is too good to keep out of print. After a lengthy sea voyage in a Canadian cruiser in the closing months of the war he hurried to his hotel, sent for a radio, and tuned in with eager expectation, to be greeted in a sepulchral voice, "Friends, do you realize that your intestine is 24 feet long?"

A radio station operator, to whom Mr. Keate related this story, replied with some heat that printed advertising is guilty of the same kind of offense. The obvious answer is that advertisements in a publication "lie quietly in a corner and don't say a word when you go to the dinner table. Radio, with its boundless curiosity about personal hygiene, has been guilty of some reasonably shocking interludes in the after-dinner conversation.

Programs like these two go a long way to compensate for the dreary round of tripe that blares out at us from almost any point on the dial.

Quite recently the following letter written in a strong but sensitive longhand came to this editorial desk.

"I am a Canadian who has been working for the past few years in the American Middle West. I felt I had to improve my opportunities and it seemed so simple to go South over the border. Now I know I have made a mistake. Away from my country, I have been able to see that Canada has a character and individuality of her own. She is not American, nor European, and in many ways, blends the best of both. Her future seems to hold the brightest benefits for her people. I am sure now of one thing, that I will return and be content in knowing I am, and always will be, a Canadian."

Chicago. Marcel Colbert.

We wonder how many ex-patriates lift up their eyes from the tasks that absorb their energies to weigh the credits and debits of exile in the land of abundance? And how many of them, like Mr. Colbert, discover new values?



Decorative and other specifications subject to change without notice.

Top value of Canada's lowest price cars... Studebaker Champion

The truly thrifty one for '51...you save on gas, you save on upkeep

***Best by test
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In this year's Mobilgas Economy Run, a Studebaker Champion got the best actual gas mileage among 26 "standard classification" cars that competed. Two Studebaker V-8s finished second and third in actual gas mileage, led only by their Champion team-mate. All three Studebakers used overdrive, optional at extra cost.

SEE STUDEBAKER'S NEW V-8 COMMANDER, TOO...A SENSATIONAL PERFORMER

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MODERN MACHINES ARE BUILT TO SAVE YOU MONEY—NOW, AND LATER!

You expect a lot from new farm equipment . . . and you get it—for many years to come, with MM Modern Machinery. You get the economical power to do your work faster, easier, better. You get low-cost operation and rugged long-life construction that mean more production, more profits, *season after season.*

THIS IS WHY SO MANY MODERN FARMERS ARE INVESTING IN THE FUTURE WITH MM MODERN MACHINERY . . .

Versatile, dependable MM Tractors are Visionlined. Four kinds of power: drawbar, belt, power-take-off and hydraulic controls handle a big variety of jobs. Optional Uni-Matic Power offers new safety features, gives the operator hydraulic, one-lever control of mounted or pull-behind tools.

When you team MM Matched Machines with MM Visionlined Tractors you get the most in modern farming. MM Harvestors, Windrowers and the Bale-O-Matic get all the crop quickly, easily, at *lower cost*, with fewer man hours, with less fatigue. MM Wheatland Plows are not only the original one way disc plows, but still the leaders, too.

Here's modern farming the MM way—with Matched Machinery that is built to last, to give you low-cost power to do the job right, to give you machines which use that dependable power for easier, faster, *more profitable farming.* Now is the time to make a sound investment in your future—and MM Modern Machines are built to save you money, **TO MAKE YOU MONEY**, for many years to come. May we suggest that you get facts on MM Tractors, Moline-Monitor Drills, MM Wheatland Disc Plows and MM Harvestors at once.

See your MM Dealer for complete facts or Write today.



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factories assures dependable
performance in the field



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